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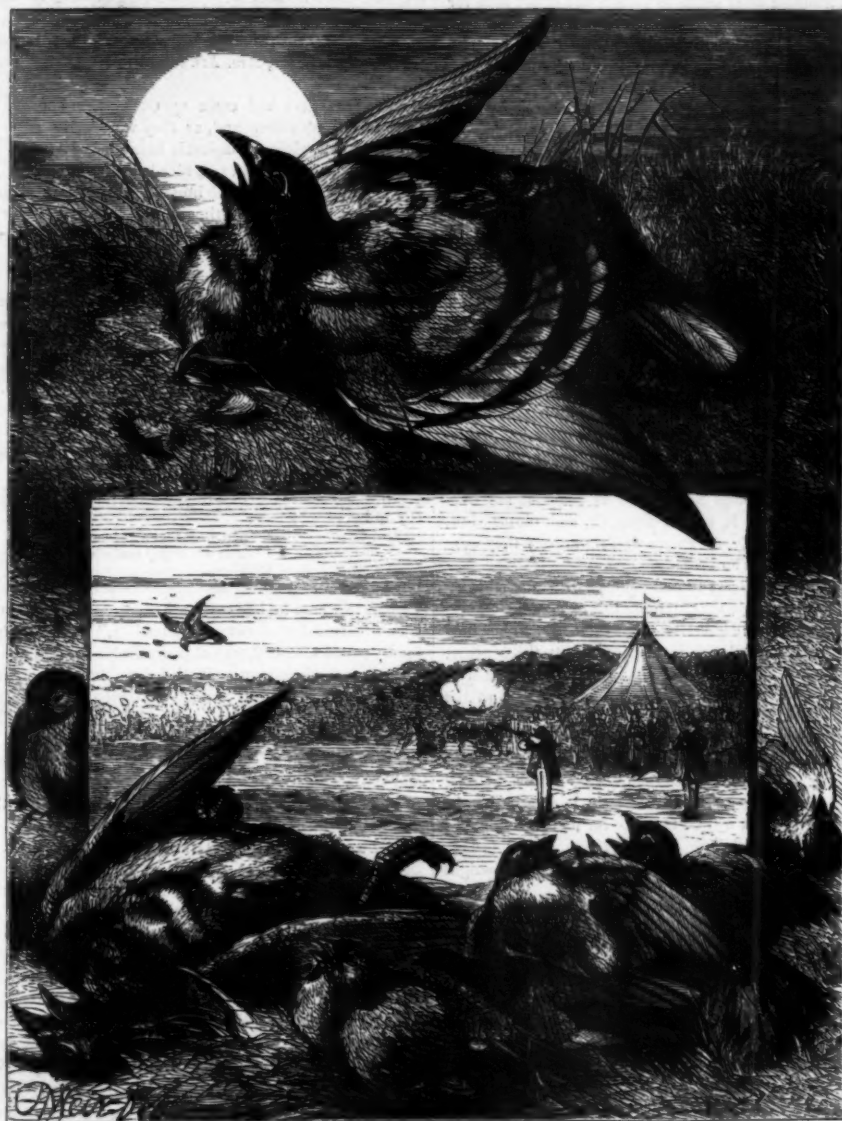
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THE PIGEON-MATCH.—THE SPORT AND THE VICTIMS.

A SKETCH BY HARRISON WEIR.

## VENUS VICTRIX.

By ANNIE THOMAS, AUTHOR OF "FALSE COLORS," "DENIS DONNE," ETC.

HE was their only son, and it was the ambition of their youth that he should be clever, and beautiful, and prosperous, and happy, with a cleverness, and beauty, and prosperity, and happiness, that are not ordinarily meted out to poor humanity. So, actuated by this ambition, they spun and toiled, labored and saved, and took great heed for the morrow, for the sake of their handsome, spirited boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Arkwright were young people when Bertram was born; but much thought and incessant anxiety to add to their hoard for his sake made them seem comparatively old by the time the young fellow was one-and-twenty. The father in his mercantile office, and the mother in her home, had this thought ever before them: that for Bertie's sake they must be careful; for Bertie's sake they must deny themselves all luxuries, and nearly all comforts that were not essential; for Bertie's sake they must cultivate the "best people," whom they wouldn't have troubled their heads to please, had it not been for this Dagon of a son of theirs.

The devotion of the old people, as Bertie called them lovingly, was very well repaid by the bright-faced, bright-hearted young fellow. At twenty-two or three, the son for whom they had cheerfully sacrificed so much, that other people in their position would never have dreamed of going without, was well worthy of every sacrifice the most self-abnegating parents could make. Unspoiled by the long course of indulgence and ultra-consideration to which he had been subjected, the young man carried in his breast one of the most generous, unselfish, truthful hearts that human being could be blessed with. The only subtlety he knew was the subtlety of gratifying the unspoken wishes of his parents without letting them discover that those same unspoken wishes sometimes ran counter to his own.

The mercantile firm of which his father was the head was an old-established and thoroughly respectable one, and Bertie divined that it would please the dear old father if he, the only son, desired to succeed in it. The boy's own tastes would have led him into other grooves—into the tortuous paths of literature, in fact. But, without much ever having been said on the subject, it was well understood by the son that his sire held the practice of that unremunerative profession in something like aversion. "He'd buy a newspaper property or start a magazine for me, if he only knew that those were the flesh-pots I hankered after," the young fellow said to some of his like-minded friends; "but he'd do it with a pang, sir, and, please God, I'll never cost him one." Verily, they were well rewarded; they were reaping the love they had sown so lavishly.

But it is not in the human heart to rest content with any state of things, however full of beatitude that state of things may be.

"The boy will marry, some day," Mrs. Arkwright said to her husband, when Bertie had reached the dignity of twenty-three years. "If he shouldn't choose wisely for his own happiness, it would kill us both, I believe." And tears filled the loving, motherly eyes at the wraith of the possibility she had conjured up.

"Time enough for us to think about that when Bertie thinks about it for himself," Mr. Arkwright said, cheerfully.

"No, no, my dear; it will be too late then," Mrs. Arkwright said, with some truth and more energy. "When Bertie has seen the girl he loves, and has chosen her, it will be too late for us to think about putting a suitable girl in his path."

"But he may choose a suitable girl for himself," Mr. Arkwright urged.

"And, on the other hand, he may not," the lady insisted; "and it is our duty, where there is such a wide choice of good and evil, to put the good in his way. If Bertie made a mistake in his marriage, what would our lives be worth?"

There was something in this; there was a great deal in this. Bertie with an unsuitable wife! The bare supposition made Mr. Arkwright feel more loving to the wife who had been such a suitable wife to him, and the son she had brought him. The king can do no wrong; and Bertie was their king, and could with difficulty do wrong in their eyes. Still, he might do "less well" for himself than they could wish him. There was a great deal in it.

Need it be told how the idea, once having entered in, grew, and strengthened, and flourished, and finally bore fruit, in Mrs. Arkwright's

mind? The danger appeared imminent to the mother of such a matchless son. He might fall a sudden prey to any one of the many undesirable girls they knew—to any one of the flighty, frivolous, idle, overdressed young beings who were about him, and who were unworthy to bear the honors of being Bertie's wife and the mother of Bertie's children. If he should in an evil moment, because his mother had neglected to put something better before him, choose one of these, as she had pathetically remarked to her husband, "What would their lives be worth?"

The something better was heard of at last. Mrs. Arkwright did not actually shout "Eureka!" when she met with Helen Faulkner; but she rejoiced with a great joy, and her heart went out to the girl at once. They met Miss Faulkner at an evening party with her mother, and the mother turned out to be an old friend of Mrs. Arkwright's unmarried days. Remembering that old friend well, and having vividly in mind all her purity and integrity, and womanly truth and sweetness, Mrs. Arkwright felt that there would be happiness and safety and honor in the daughter's being Bertie's wife.

For her own sake, too, Helen Faulkner was well worth the seeking—a clever, well-educated, good girl, capable of managing a house and sustaining a conversation on politics, with the looks and tastes and habits of a cultivated lady, yet no mere butterfly. If Bertie would only love her, Mrs. Arkwright felt that they would, indeed, be blessed.

The Faulkners had come up from their country home to have a taste of city pleasures, and, as they were living at a boarding-house only, the Arkwrights' hospitable house being so open to them was no slight boon. The dark-eyed, nice-looking, intelligent girl was a new and pleasant element in the home-circle to Bertie. He drifted into a great, unfettered, frank intimacy with her, and it was only a natural sequence Helen soon came to love him as much as even his mother could desire.

The result may easily be guessed. She accepted his superiority so unquestioningly, because she loved him, that he could but be flattered at her estimate of it. She was the most agreeable companion he ever met with; his mother evidently loved her dearly; and what he felt for her was surely something that sufficiently resembled love for him to be justified in offering it to her as such. He was not a cold, calculating fellow; still he did reason very much in this way before he eventually laid down his arms at Miss Faulkner's feet.

As soon as he had worded the sentiment he had for her, he knew that it was a very warm, true affection, and his heart beat thankfully when he knew that she reciprocated it fully. He could not truthfully say to her—

"Thou wast that all to me, love,  
For which my soul did pine;"

but he could assure her, and he did assure her, that she was the first woman to whom he had ever talked love-talk, or about whom he had ever dreamed love-dreams. "The boy," as his father and mother fondly called him still, was at peace in his own mind about his choice, in fact, and, when a man is that from honest conviction, his future looms very fairly before him.

"What a lucky fellow I am!" He told himself this a dozen times a day, as more and more the real value of the woman he had won unfolded itself. Lucky, supremely lucky, in having pleased both himself and those dear "old people" who were so tenacious of what was due to him! Lucky, supremely lucky, in having avoided those shoals and quicksands which wreck so many little "first-love" barks! Bertie hardly knew how to be grateful enough for the great good that had befallen him.

And now the time came for the Faulkners to return to their country home, and it was arranged that Bertie Arkwright should go back with them to be introduced to the friends and neighbors among whom Helen had grown up. He knew a good many of these by name and repute already, for Helen was fond of talking of the absent. But there was one whose name had never been mentioned until they were about a stage from Mapledale, the Faulkners' home. Then, Helen said:

"I had a letter of congratulation from Gertrude to-day, mamma."  
"She's been rather long in offering her congratulations, I think," Mrs. Faulkner remarked.

"Oh, she has been away from home, and is only just returned," Helen explained.

"My dear child, what has that to do with it? With all her cor-

respondents in the village, don't you think that the news of your engagement reached her long ago?"

"Who is the object of dispute?" Bertie asked.

"A great friend of mine, who happens not to be a great favorite of mamma's," Helen said, quickly—"Gertrude Wylding, the greatest beauty in our neighborhood. I am longing for you to see her."

"Are you?" he said, carelessly; and then he looked admiringly at Helen's earnest little mobile face, and added, "On my word, then, Helen, Mapledean is an exceptionally well-endowed place to possess such—"

"Ah!" the girl interrupted, blushing a pleased, bright, happy blush, "Gertrude is as different to me as a star is to a candle; she is a *real* beauty."

"And you're the loveliest, sweetest woman a man's eyes ever rested on," he thought, lovingly, as the good young face was turned trustingly and proudly toward him.

"We shall be inundated for a few days, I suppose," Mrs. Faulkner said the next morning. "Nell is rather a popular girl about here, Bertie, and, even if she were not popular, curiosity would bring people to see you. Are you prepared to go through such an ordeal?"

"We sha'n't stay in on purpose to go through it—shall we?" he asked, dolefully. "If it comes in the order of things when we are in the house, all right—I'll bear it like a man; but I don't seem to see the good of Nell and I losing our rides these fine mornings for the sake of gratifying the curiosity of Mapledean."

"Not for the sake of gratifying their curiosity, but I want you and my friends to get known to each other," Helen urged. "I don't want to miss Gertrude."

"She's your village beauty, isn't she?" he asked, indifferently.

"Village beauty," she repeated. "What a joke that phrase will seem to you when you see her! Yes, Master Bertie, she is our village beauty, and you'll have to own, I think, that few in your empire city can compare with her."

"Helen is a little infatuated about that girl," Mrs. Faulkner said, when Helen went out of the room.

"And you are not?" Bertie said, laughing.

"No, honestly, I am not," Mrs. Faulkner said, with energy. "She has done things that I should grieve greatly to think a daughter of mine could do; she has trifled cruelly with more than one man's peace, and yet they all spare her; and Helen, who is herself the soul of honor, vindicates her."

"She's a sort of spoiled village coquette, I suppose," he said, indifferently.

Mrs. Faulkner shook her head. "I hardly know what she is. But I must own that I do wish Helen were not so fond of her; but I have never attempted to coerce Helen about either love or friendship; I only hope after your marriage that the intimacy between the two girls will die away: things must take their course now."

Things took their course. All Mapledean came to take the measure of the man to whom the fair favorite Helen had given herself—all Mapledean with the exception of Gertrude Wylding. She let more than a fortnight pass after Helen's return without coming near the Faulknors' house. But at length, just as Helen was getting piqued at this neglect, and Bertie was becoming curious to see "the topic," as he termed her, she came and won forgiveness at once for her apparent neglect.

She came in rather early one morning while Helen was still employed in setting their drawing-room in fair array for the day. Bertram Arkwright was helping her to rearrange flowers, and was just coming in through the open French window, laden with a mass of blooms and foliage, when the visitor was announced. Instinctively he paused and raised his hat, and the flowers that he had gathered for Helen fell at Gertrude's feet.

"I hope I haven't come too soon," the guest began, greeting Helen.

"Too soon, Gerty, I have been so angry with you for not having come before; why is it? This is Mr. Arkwright; he'll be 'Bertie' to you before long, I hope." And then the introduction that she had been so longing to effect was over, and Helen turned to see the impression her friend had made upon her lover, with triumph in her great, sweet, gray eyes.

So this was the village belle, the local beauty. Well, he was fain to confess to himself that he had expected something widely different.

She had come on horseback, and the riding-habit showed off the supple, luxurious proportions of her figure to perfection. It was a dark-blue habit, contrasting well with the rich red gold of her hair, and harmonizing marvellously with the most intensely violet eyes he had ever beheld. Her face was rather pale and very fair, and her features were perfectly pure and well cut, and at the same time were mobile and full of expression. The riding-hat gave her just what a severe critic might have thought she lacked—height, namely. But it was hard to wish for any thing, even for half an inch, to be added to that splendid beauty that was so dangerous a dower.

What a voice the girl had too! Not the angel Israfel himself, "whose heart-strings are a lute," could thrill the souls of others more subtly than Gertrude Wylding could—there was such entire harmony between the face, and voice, and manner. They were all three equally beautiful and refined, and unlike any thing Bertie had ever seen or imagined.

"And what have you been doing all this time, Gertrude?" Helen asked, after a little reunion talk had been exchanged by the two girls.

"No harm I hope," Gertrude said, smiling. "I went to the springs when you went to the city, you know. I had never been there out of the season before, and it was like going to a strange place—"

"Dull, I suppose?" Helen suggested.

"Some people would have thought it dull, perhaps," Miss Wylding said, with her wonderful smile irradiating her wonderful face. "But I found it far more congenial to my taste than when it's crowded. I had time for things that I never have had time for before. I did a great deal of sketching, and a great deal of reading, took up German, and read 'Faust' in the original. Even your mamma would say that I made the most of my time, I think."

"Did you ride at all?" Helen said, evading the reference to her mother's tolerably well-known dislike to her friend.

"Oh, yes, Venus Victrix was not idle either, I assure you."

"Venus Victrix?" Bertie questioned, confusedly, thinking she must be meaning herself.

"Yes, my mare," she said, with animation. "Such a beauty; you can't think how people look at her when I'm riding her about. Will you like to see her? She is in the yard now."

"Yes, do go and look at her, Bertie, while I finish the flowers, and then I'll come and join you," Helen said, eagerly.

"Did you give your mare her name?" Bertie asked, as he walked out by the side of the greatest enchantress he had ever met with.

"No," she said, and he thought that a faint color crept up into her face as she spoke. "Venus Victrix owes her name to her late owner."

They were by the side of the mare by this time, and Bertie fell to patting, and petting, and admiring her in a very genuine way. She was, in truth, as perfect of her kind as her mistress was, and what more can be said in the way of commendation? A sparkling, splendid, glossy-skinned chestnut, with a tiny mite of a head, a slender, arching neck, and slim legs, firm and fine as a lady's arm. She looked superb as she struck the ground impatiently with her hoof, and gave other signs of animation and suppressed power on the approach of her mistress.

"She deserves her name whoever gave it to her," he said. "What a poem it must be to see you on her!" he added, warmly, and Gertrude laughed her rich, musical laugh, and said:

"Some people were kind enough to think so."

"Where did Miss Wylding get that mare of her's?" Bertram asked that night when he was alone in the moonlight with Helen and her mother.

"It's a long story, and I'll tell it to you when you know Gertrude better," Helen said; "the bald facts would give you a false impression of her."

"The bald facts would just give you a true impression of her," Mrs. Faulkner said, quickly; "that chestnut mare belonged to the man Gertrude Wylding behaved very badly to—"

"I hate that phrase to be applied to a girl," Bertram Arkwright said, with a good deal of that young, trusting enthusiasm in his manner which is sure to diminish as years roll on. "I hate that phrase to be applied to a girl; most likely the fellow deserved a rebuff if he got one from her."

"She might have given it to him before she had been engaged to



him three months, at any rate," Mrs. Faulkner said, resolutely, though Helen made many signs that "no more should be said about it."

"Engaged! was she?" Bertie asked.

"Yes, engaged, and to a man who was a thousand times too good for such a frivolous flirt; he almost worshipped her, I believe; and, when she found out that she didn't love him sufficiently to become his wife, it sent him wrong altogether."

"But, mother dear," Helen interposed, gently, "surely you, who are so just, must admit that it was better, when poor Gerty found out that, that she should have been what she was—frank about it."

"I have no patience with such frankness; frivolity and fickleness I call it."

"Why does she keep the horse?" Bertie asked.

"She is like the old border-barons. She takes while she has the power, and keeps what she can; if I had a son, I should say to him: 'Beware of Gertrude Wylding.'"

A day or two after this conversation, Miss Wylding came down again to the Faulkners' house, and again was poor Bertie almost bewildered by her beauty, and by the brilliant way she rode her brilliant-looking mare. She came down avowedly to have a little girlish private talk with Helen; but, when Bertie, hearing this, offered to go out into the garden and leave them to themselves, Miss Wylding entreated him to remain, with a pretty little assumption of being driven on to do so by irresistible inclination that made him feel guiltily flattered.

And so on, and so on. Who, that has chanced to number a coquette among his or her acquaintances, cannot guess at the fine gradations of manner which this girl, armed with such rare beauty, brought to bear on Bertram Arkwright? His weakness was patent to others almost as soon as it was to himself. Helen saw it with an agony of wounded love and of bitter disappointment, both in her lover and her friend, that it is difficult to depict.

Bravely the girl resolved to hear the worst, and bear the brunt of it at once, whatever it might be. She would not interchange speech with any one on the subject, before she had speech with him about it. "No, mamma," she said, imploringly, when she saw her mother about to begin, one night, as they were watching Bertie home from a miserable solitary stroll. "No, mamma; don't speak—at least, not yet." And then Mrs. Faulkner's heart ached with the sharp, motherly sorrow of a full knowledge of her pitiful inability to save her child from this misery that was coming upon her.

By the time Bertie had got himself into the house that night, Helen had strung herself up to say the conclusive words. She did not trust herself to speak a long preface—she rushed straight to the point at once.

"Bertie," she said, "you would think meanly both of my heart and head, if I didn't feel this change in you and tell you of it."

"What change in me?" he stammered.

"This—that Gertrude Wylding has caused," and then my poor little heroine went on with trembling lips to tell him that this was the last time—the last time she should ever speak to him of love. "But we must speak of it this once, Bertie; I think it such a holy thing, that we must bury it decently," she said, with a sad smile; "don't wrong me by thinking that I could hold you to your vows now your heart has gone from me. I won't say that I'll try to forget you, I can never do that; but, oh! Bertie, I hope I shall not see you any more after this."

"Since you wish it!" he said, making no further protest, though he was sorely conscience-stricken. And so the next morning he went back to his city-home, and Mapledean was soon in possession of the fact that Miss Faulkner's engagement was broken off.

The old people at home were very miserable about this falling short of their boy's fealty; but they were more miserable still when he presented Gertrude Wylding to them as the daughter-in-law he wished them to receive. However, miserable as they were, since their Dagon willed it so, they invited her to stay with them. And Miss Wylding and Venus Victrix were soon great objects of public attention and admiration.

It was all very well for a few weeks. The girl won the hearts of both his father and mother, won them so entirely that it was only out of her presence that they remembered to give a sigh for their lost Helen. There was a talk of a speedy marriage, and Gertrude portrayed intense devotion to him, so Bertie was absolutely without fear when the fiat went forth that it was time for Miss Wylding to go home.

The preparations for the marriage were commenced in good earnest by the Arkwrights. A house was taken, furniture was looked at and ordered, subject to Miss Wylding's approval. The whole of the vast business was surrendered by Mr. Arkwright to his son, the old people themselves retiring on a comparatively small income, when—a check came!

It came in the shape of a letter from Gertrude, a letter that followed immediately on the receipt of a most affectionate one from her. She had been questioning her own heart severely; she wrote, and now she found that it was pity and not love that had induced her to accept him. She had pitied him so much for his engagement with Helen Faulkner being broken off, that she had striven hard to compensate him for that loss. But she could not do so any longer at the expense of her own feelings. She wound up with an assurance of her lasting friendship for him, and hinted, that if they ever met again, she would feel obliged by this episode in their lives being as though it had not been.

And so the dream was wholly o'er, and Bertie Arkwright woke up knowing himself to have been a cruelly-deceived man. He was shattered by the blow at first, fell down prone and utterly helpless under it. Then that phase passed, and one of recklessness, that made his poor parents' hearts bleed, set in. But, after a while, the original good that was in this much-loved boy set in, and he checked himself in the course that was killing his mother—checked himself, and stayed at home with them a great deal, and became in all respects a sad and altered man.

"It is a wound that will not heal itself," Mrs. Arkwright said to her husband; "we must help him, dear; we gave him his being, and must make that being as happy as possible; his wound will not heal by itself, because he aggravates it by the thought that he has given Helen such another wound."

But the help the mother longed to give, she did not dare to give yet. At least it must *seem* that accident favored her plan, she felt, however much in reality design had to do with it. And so Mrs. Arkwright mustered what patience she could, and bided her time until the summer brought the Faulkners back to the city.

"Helen Faulkner is coming here, to-day, dear Bertie," she said to her son one morning, and he went on carefully brushing his hat, the red blood meanwhile mounting to his brow, but saying never a word.

"Be home in good time," Mrs. Arkwright went on; and then he said, "I will, mother," and kissed her and went out.

He could not get himself to his office that day. He mounted his horse and rode into the country, and then, in the solitude, sternly reviewed the events of the last year. He had been weak and wicked, and he had been punished. He would do Helen the justice of telling her that he felt these things to be the truth now.

It was evening when he reached home, and Mrs. Faulkner and Helen were both sitting in the twilight with his mother. "Well, Bertie," they both said to him, and he was grateful that the low light did not suffer them to see his face.

But he would be brave at any cost, so he said it was "time for the lamp," and rang and ordered the lights in, and by the time they came he was prepared to show a very composed front to Helen.

A few days after this, he went to see the Faulkners, and found Helen alone. After some time—he never quite knew how it came about—he found himself telling Helen that he had bitterly repented him of that mistake of his, and then it all came quickly, "Would she—could she love him again?"

She could and would. She had been his true Helen all along, even when he was in the toils of Venus Victrix. And so, by reason of her having had such patient love for him, it all came right at last.

As for Miss Wylding, those who are interested in her may care to know that, though these events happened ten years ago, she is Miss Wylding still. She has carried on the campaign against honor and mankind in most of the big cities of the Old and the New World, and, as she is still possessed of the most marvellous beauty, she has carried them on very successfully from her point of view. She has been on the brink of marriage with a London banker, a Parisian count, and a New-York merchant, and one and all of these engagements have come to naught.

It is said now that she must try a new country, for no man who has heard of her doughty deeds will ever put himself in the power of Venus Victrix.



## MORTON HOUSE.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER."

## CHAPTER XXVII.—MRS. GORDON'S SUGGESTION.

WHEN Mrs. Gordon read her cousin's name on the card, she hesitated a moment. Then she surprised Babette by lifting her face with an air of decision.

"I will see Mrs. Annesley," she said. "Ask her in here."

Babette left the room to obey the direction, and a minute or two of silence followed. To Mrs. Gordon the interval seemed much longer than it really was, and she had extended her hand to ring the bell and ask the cause of the delay, when there came the sound of footsteps, and the rustle of silk, crossing the passage. Through the closed door she heard Mrs. Annesley's voice:

"Just left, you say?—not more than half an hour ago? It is strange I did not meet him. Do you know where he was going?"

"No, madame," said Babette, in reply.

Catching both the question and the reply, Mrs. Gordon dropped the bell-rope with a smile. "I might have known what detained her," she thought—and, as she thought it, the door opened.

The two ladies met in the centre of the floor, and greeted each other with a moderate show of warmth. They called each other "my dear Elinor," and "my dear Pauline," but, beyond this, there was not much of effusion on either side. They shook hands, kissed lightly, spoke of the weather, and sat down opposite each other, like two ordinary acquaintances. Mrs. Annesley looked at ease, but in fact she was very far from that enviable state of mind. She remembered her former discomfiture in that house; and something in her cousin's face seemed to warn her that it might possibly be repeated.

Nevertheless, she plunged boldly into conversation, and began deploring the many social duties that had kept her so long from Morton House. "I am sure you believe that I would have come if I could," said she, looking at her cousin. "Oh, my dear Pauline, how wise you were in declining to reënter society! I so often think of you, and envy you—so retired, so quiet, so surrounded by repose. As for poor me—I might as well be a galley-slave, for all the liberty I have! If it were not for the sake of my children, I really think I should give up society entirely. It tries my health so severely, and is so unsuited to my taste. A quiet day with you, now, would have been much more agreeable to me than all the gay times we have had at Annesdale."

"I should have been glad to see you, if you had come," said Mrs. Gordon; "but pray, Elinor, don't trouble yourself to make excuses for not having done so. I understood your position quite well. It is hard for any one in the full tide of social life to be able to see much of another person who is entirely apart from that life."

"My only consolation," said Mrs. Annesley, "has been that Morton sees so much of you. Riding continually about the country, he is able to come here more often than I possibly could; and I have been so glad of it. I did not feel as if I were completely neglecting you, while he was my representative."

"There was no cause for you to feel so," said Mrs. Gordon, a little coldly.

She was growing weary of these prolonged excuses, and did not see the point of them. Mrs. Annesley saw it, however, and timed her advance to it with careful exactitude.

"In fact, Morton often unconsciously shames me," she said. "He does not let any thing stand in the way of his visits to you. I don't know when I have felt as much ashamed of myself and my own neglect, as I did this morning. I saw him on the piazza with Irene Vernon—have you ever heard him speak of Irene Vernon? Ah, she is such a charming girl, and so lovely!—Well, he had been there for some time, when suddenly I missed him. I went to see what had become of him, and I found Miss Vernon alone. Morton, she said, had received a note from you, and left instantly to obey your summons—he even broke an engagement to ride with her, which he had made for this afternoon. My dear Pauline, when I heard this, I felt absolutely rebuked. Although my house is full of company, I at once ordered my carriage. I was determined not to let the hateful thing which we

call society keep me any longer from coming to see you. I thought I would follow Morton, and meet the dear boy here, and that, after we had both enjoyed a visit to you, we could go home together. But your maid tells me that he has been here, and is already gone."

"Yes, he has gone," said Mrs. Gordon.

She saw the object of Mrs. Annesley's visit clearly enough now—saw it so clearly that all this careful fencing amused her not a little. She could have closed with her, and brought matters to an issue, very speedily, if she had chosen to do so; but she contented herself with this non-committal reply, and left her visitor to show her hand by force of necessity.

"It is strange I did not meet him," said Mrs. Annesley, in the same words she had already used in speaking to Babette. "He could not surely have returned to Annesdale?"

An accent of interrogation made this a direct question, and, as such, Mrs. Gordon answered it.

"He went to Tallahoma, I believe."

"Indeed!"

A pause after this. Within the bounds of civility, how could Mrs. Annesley ask the question which was next trembling on her tongue; and yet, how was it possible for her to forbear asking it? Who of us can account for certain instincts which at various times of our lives influence our actions in greater or less degree? Such an instinct had caused her to follow Morton from Annesdale, and such an instinct—now that she was on the threshold of the matter which had brought him to Mrs. Gordon—made her resolute to press forward, and in the face of civility (or of any thing else) learn what it was. After a short hesitation, she asked the question:

"Pardon me, my dear Pauline, if I appear curious, but was it on your business that he went to Tallahoma?"

"Certainly not," answered Mrs. Gordon. "I have no business in Tallahoma."

"Then you do not know why he went?"

"Yes, I chance to know why he went."

"And I am not to know, I suppose?" said Mrs. Annesley, flushing.

Her cousin looked at her gravely and silently for a minute, before she replied.

"I might answer that it is Morton's affair—not mine, Elinor," she said. "But since it is in part mine, and since I have a question concerning it to ask you, I shall not violate Morton's confidence in telling you. He has gone to see Miss Tresham."

Involuntarily, Mrs. Annesley started to her feet, and made a step toward the door.

"I knew it!" she cried, passionately, "I knew it! Something warned me that he had gone to see that—" Here she stopped suddenly, and sat down again. "I am a fool," she said, bitterly. "What could I do, if I followed him? He has gone his own way, without any regard to my wishes. How could I prevent him, if I tried, from doing so?"

Her cousin came over to her, and, strangely enough, sat down by her, laying one hand on her arm.

"I will tell you what you can do—if you care to hear," she said.

Mrs. Annesley drew back. The instinct of distrust between these two women was so strong that circumstances could hardly be imagined in which it would not have betrayed itself.

"I do not understand," she said. "I thought you liked this—this girl!"

"You are right," said Mrs. Gordon, quietly. "I did like her. But that was when I knew very little about her. Since I have learned more, she is, so far as herself is concerned, an object of indifference to me. So far as Morton is concerned, however, she is an object of distrust, and as such, to be dealt with—as summarily as possible. Elinor, do you wish Morton to marry her?"

"Can you ask me such a question?"

"Well, I have tested his infatuation thoroughly, this morning; and it has been proof against the strongest plea that I could urge. Yet I forced him to concede that he would give her up, if it could be proved that she was unworthy of him. If you wish to prevent his marrying her, your only hope is to prove this."

"I know it," said Mrs. Annesley, "but I have tried—" She paused suddenly here, caught her breath, and was silent.

"You have tried to prove it," said Mrs. Gordon, quietly. "Well,

\* Extension, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by D. Appleton & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

I know that. What I don't know, and what I would like to hear is, how you succeeded."

"I did not succeed at all," answered Mrs. Annesley, coldly. "What do you mean when you say that you know of my effort? You cannot possibly know—any thing."

"I fancy I know every thing, or almost every thing," replied the other, with the same composure as before. "Pray tell me, Elinor, did you ever hear of a Mr. Henry St. John?"

The shock of startled surprise caused by the question was unmistakable. But Mrs. Annesley never surrendered without a struggle.

"I do not understand you," she said.

"Don't you?" said Mrs. Gordon, smiling slightly. "Perhaps I can assist your memory by asking another question, then. Do you remember an anonymous letter which, by way of jest, you once wrote to Edgar Annesley?"

"I—think I do."

"I am sure you must, for the events which followed it were too marked to be readily forgotten. Well, you may remember, also, that I read that letter, and admired the ease with which you wrote a hand entirely unlike your own. It is twenty-four years since I saw that writing, but the consequences arising from the letter stamped the recollection of it on my memory; and when a letter—when *two* letters—were shown to me this morning, I recognized the hand at once. Now will you tell me whether you ever heard of Mr. St. John?"

Mrs. Annesley saw that all attempt at further concealment was useless. However much or however little Mrs. Gordon knew, it was at least certain that she knew too much to make denial safe. In an instant she remembered the man who had met Miss Tresham in the grounds of Annesdale, and what had been before merely a suspicion resolved itself at once into a certainty.

"I have heard of him," she said—and then she added, "He is here!"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Gordon, "he is here. I have no right to blame you for the means you took to obtain information concerning Miss Tresham; but it may surprise you to hear that by those means you have brought upon me the curse of my life—the worst enemy I have ever had, or can ever expect to have!"

"Good Heavens!" cried Mrs. Annesley, in amazement. "How could I imagine—whom do you mean?"

The answer came in four bitter words:

"I mean my husband."

"Your husband!"

"I see that Morton has not told you my story."

"Not one word," cried Mrs. Annesley, eagerly, forgetting for the moment every thing else, and with the extreme of curiosity painted on her face, and quivering in her voice. "My dear Pauline," she went on, "you can surely trust me—you can surely confide in me!"

"It is a matter of necessity to tell you something of my life, Elinor," said her cousin, coldly. "Otherwise, I have learned that it is wise to 'confide' in nobody. You know that I was married. What I endured in my married life it is not worth while to tell you. I *did* endure it as long as endurance was possible. When it became impossible, I fled from my tyrant and came here, hoping to find rest and shelter under my father's roof. How long I might have remained undiscovered I do not know. Not long, I suspect. But, however that may be, it was your act which brought discovery upon me. The advertisement, which you inserted in the *London Times* before I came here, has borne bitter fruit. I have been tracked to my place of refuge, and my child has been taken from me—perhaps forever!"

"Taken from you! By whom?"

"By my own will. I have sent him away, that his father may not be able to find or claim him."

"But I do not understand," said Mrs. Annesley, in a state of perplexity which, all things considered, was very natural. "Is it this Mr. St. John who is your husband?"

"St. John! Are you mad? Have you ever seen him?"

"Never."

"He is a hanger-on of my husband's—his secretary, he was called—a sort of instrument for unprincipled purposes. Of character or position he has not even the shadow. Where he comes from, who he is, or what he is, it is impossible to say. I only know him in the position of which I have spoken. I am sure he has never had a better one."

Mrs. Annesley looked horror-stricken.

"And it was *this* man who wrote to me as the friend or relation of Miss Tresham!—it is *this* man who is here now to see her!"

"It is this man."

"And you—you let Morton go without telling him?"

"I told him much more than I have told you, and it had no effect upon him. Stop, Elinor"—as Mrs. Annesley, in uncontrollable agitation, rose to her feet—"you can say nothing to Morton that I have not already said. We have no proof of any thing beyond mere acquaintance between Miss Tresham and St. John. Think a moment. Did his reply to your letter contain nothing more?"

"I don't need to think," answered Mrs. Annesley, impatiently. "It contained not one word. Do you suppose I should have permitted matters to go on as long as they have in this way, if I had been able to produce a word of proof against her? My God! to think how helpless I am!" said she, striking her hand heavily on the end of the sofa near which she sat. "To think that this artful creature may make Morton marry her any day, and then—discovery would come too late."

"Have more faith in Morton," said her companion, gravely. "Believe, as I believe, that he will not take any extreme step, without giving you fair warning. In the mean time, you must endeavor to find out something about Miss Tresham."

"But how?"

"Do I need to tell you how? Is not St. John here, and have I not described his character? You need feel no delicacy about approaching him."

"But this is more difficult than you think," said Mrs. Annesley, hesitatingly. "Morton would never forgive me if he knew of such a thing, and how am I to see the man without his knowing it?"

"I have simply pointed out the way," said Mrs. Gordon. "The means I leave to yourself."

"But you—you know this St. John. Could not you—"

"No," answered Mrs. Gordon, with forbidding coldness. "Nothing would induce me to see or hold any communication with him."

"Not even for Morton's sake?"

"Not even for Morton's sake."

There was no appeal possible from that decided tone. Mrs. Annesley saw that, whether for success or failure, she must act for herself. After a minute's consideration, she said:

"Can you tell me where I shall find Mr. St. John?"

"It is probable that Babette can," said Mrs. Gordon, ringing the bell.

Babette appeared, and proved at once the accuracy of her mistress's judgment. She was able to gratify Mrs. Annesley with every possible particular concerning Mr. St. John; and, after that lady had heard all that could be of service to her, she dismissed her informant, and turned to Mrs. Gordon.

"I don't see my way at all clearly, Pauline," she said. "But I hope you will remember that I am acting according to your advice."

"According to my suggestion," amended Mrs. Gordon. "I never give advice, Elinor."

"If Morton discovers it, he will never forgive me."

"If you are so much afraid of Morton, you had better let him go his own way without interference."

In reply to this, Mrs. Annesley rose from her seat.

"One word, Pauline," she said, as her cousin rose also. "Have you told Morton about those letters?"

"No; why should I?"

"You will not do so?"

"I have not the least intention of doing so."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Annesley, impulsively. Then she added, with more of her usual manner: "My dear Pauline, no words can say how sorry I am that my act should have brought so much annoyance upon you. Can you possibly forgive me for it?"

"There is nothing to forgive," answered Mrs. Gordon. "When you wrote that advertisement—last summer, was it not?—you could not possibly have thought or known of me. Are you going?"

"I must. It is getting late, and I fear I shall not be back at Annesdale in time for dinner. I will come to see you soon again. Would you advise—that is, would you suggest, that I should offer money to this St. John?"

"I can only say there is no reason why you should hesitate to do so."

Mrs. Annesley repeated her thanks, and took leave. Once in the carriage, she looked at her watch and made a calculation of time, with reference to dinner. Having made it, she pulled the check-string and said: "Tallahoma—Mrs. Marks's."

Poor Mrs. Marks had barely done more than recover from the combined effects of Morton's visit, and her husband's unusual assertion of himself, when this new astonishment was prepared for her. Having seen the table finally cleared off, and having rid herself of the children by dispatching them in a body to the "old field," of which mention has before been made, she sat down with a very heavy heart, to darn various small stockings full of various large holes. As she darned, she sighed; and, in fact, sighs were more frequent than stitches with her. The kind soul was lamenting her husband's resolution, and grieving much over the loss of her favorite, "Miss Katharine." She even shed a few tears, and wiped them away with the leg of Jack's sock. Impatient thoughts on the perversity of human circumstances came to her, as they had come to Katharine at Annesdale, as they come to all of us when people and events prove "contrary." Oh, why cannot things go right? Why cannot people act as they ought to? Why cannot circumstances cease to fret, or goad, or restrain us? What is the reason that every thing has its dash of bitterness, and that life seems to vibrate, like the pendulum of a clock, continually, between the painful and the disagreeable? This is the strain of thought that is going up to heaven on the wings of every minute, like the broken cry of an imprisoned spirit, panting, ah! how vainly, to be free. What is the good of it all? Ah! granted—what, indeed, is the good of it all? But then, friends, dwellers upon the earth, co-heirs of the curse laid on Adam, the question is, not what is the good of it, but how are we to help it? There is but one way known to men—the way of childlike faith—and few of us are great enough, or strong enough, to follow that.

Mrs. Marks was still darning, still heaving sighs, and still dropping a tear or two occasionally, when she was startled by the sound of a knock at the door. The dining-room was in the back part of the house, and so it chanced that she had neither seen nor heard the arrival of the Annesley carriage; so it chanced, also, that, with her work in her hand, she went out to answer the knock, and found herself face to face with no less a person than Mrs. Annesley.

Her consternation was almost as great as her surprise. The fear of something additionally disagreeable—a fear vaguely inspired by Mrs. Annesley's face—instantly seized her. Somehow or other, the greeting was accomplished, and Mrs. Annesley was ushered into the dining-room. When she had been installed in the most comfortable chair, and Mrs. Marks was sitting opposite, with her darning mechanically retained in her hand, a few remarks were exchanged, and then the visitor opened the serious business of the occasion.

"No doubt, you are surprised to see me, Mrs. Marks," she said, graciously. "In fact, I ought to apologize for such a startling visit. But, being in Tallahoma, I thought I would stop for a few minutes; and I also thought that I might find Morton here. I am anxious to see him on a matter of business before he returns to Annesdale."

"I am very sorry that you have come a little too late," said Mrs. Marks, with the utmost sincerity. "Mr. Annesley was here, but he left a short while ago; and I think he said he was going back to Annesdale."

"He was here, and left only a short while ago! Oh, how provoking!" said Mrs. Annesley. "What an instance of my bad luck! But pray, Mrs. Marks, what does a 'short while' mean? Do you think, for instance, that I could overtake him before he gets home?"

"Oh, no. I am sure you couldn't," said Mrs. Marks, with decision. "It's been a good hour since he left, and he must have reached Annesdale by this time—or, indeed, before this. He didn't stay long," she went on, telling of her own accord the very thing Mrs. Annesley was anxious to hear. "He called to see Miss Tresham, and, Miss Tresham not being at home, he left very soon."

"I thought Miss Tresham was at home," said Mrs. Annesley, a little stiffly. "She left Annesdale this morning."

"She came here this morning," said Mrs. Marks, in an aggrieved tone, "but she is gone now."

"Gone!" Mrs. Annesley simply opened her eyes. It could not be possible that exposure had come so soon, and come of itself? "Gone! Excuse me, but you surprise me very much. I thought she came back to recommence teaching."

"She went to Saxford to-day," answered Mrs. Marks, unconsciously lifting the stocking, which she still held, to her eyes, from which one or two tears were drawn forth by that oft-repeated statement. She stood extremely in awe of the elegant mistress of Annesdale, but the latter was a woman, after all, and she had dropped in to pay a sociable visit, and Mrs. Marks's heart was sorely in need of a *confidante*, and so she began to open the floodgates of her feelings, and to express in words what she had heretofore only expressed in sighs.

"She went to Saxford," she repeated—very much as she might have said, "She went to be buried!"—"It is hard on me, Mrs. Annesley—it is certainly hard on me! I never meddled with Miss Tresham's affairs in my life—I never said a word, either to her or to anybody else, about them—and yet you'd hardly believe all the trouble and worry that's been in this house this day—all on account of Miss Tresham's affairs, and Miss Tresham's visitors, and because Miss Tresham has taken it into her head to go to Saxford!"

"But why has she gone?" asked Mrs. Annesley, with a very un-convincing disregard of Mrs. Marks's personal grievances.

"Everybody asks me that," answered Mrs. Marks, "and Miss Tresham told me no more about why she was going than she told my little Nelly playing out in the yard. I am sure it seemed natural enough to me that she should go—she often does go to see her priest—but everybody seems surprised about it, and Mr. Marks is so provoked that he says if she don't come back on Monday, and if she won't explain every thing about Mr. St. John, she"—second application of the stocking as a pocket-handkerchief—"will have to leave us."

This good news was so unexpected, and so startling, that for a minute Mrs. Annesley scarcely realized it. Then a glow of satisfied pleasure began to steal over her, and she saw how well Fate was fighting the battle of which she had been almost ready to despair.

"Really, you astonish me!" she said. "I had no idea of any thing like this. Miss Tresham only left my house this morning, and now to have gone away so unexpectedly—and, you say, without any explanation?"

"Without even so much as a word of explanation," answered Mrs. Marks, who was now fully launched into her theme. "Perhaps I ought to have said something to *her*, Mrs. Annesley; but my head was quite upset—and then she was in such a hurry to get to the hotel before the stage left that she didn't give me time hardly to breathe. I'm sure I didn't pay any attention to what Mrs. Gordon said about her—I mean"—hastily correcting herself with a timely recollection that Mrs. Gordon was Mrs. Annesley's cousin—"that I felt confident there was some mistake—but it seems to me all the same, that Miss Katharine might have told me something before she left, so that I could have explained it to Richard. But she never said a word."

"Nothing about Mr. St. John?"

"Not a syllable."

"How extremely singular!" said Mrs. Annesley, very slowly and very gravely—so gravely that Mrs. Marks began to feel as if she had much underrated the importance of Miss Tresham's reticence, and Miss Tresham's departure. It was astonishing how infinitely more Mrs. Annesley's opinion on the subject weighed with her, than that of her husband had done!

"It was strange," she said, "though I didn't think of it at the time. Miss Katharine is so nice, Mrs. Annesley, and we are all so fond of her, that somehow it never struck me that—that, as you say, it was singular for her to give no explanation about Mr. St. John."

"Perhaps he may be related to her," said Mrs. Annesley, carelessly—she began to be aware that she had betrayed more interest than it was proper to show in Miss Tresham's affairs—"your governess herself is a very lady-like person; but people in her position often have very disreputable relations, you know."

"Mr. St. John is very much of a gentleman, indeed," said Mrs. Marks, greatly astonished. "I am sure nobody could say that there is any thing disreputable about him. But I don't think he is any relation of Miss Katharine's; that is"—a short pause—"I really don't know. I never heard her say that she had any relations."

Mrs. Annesley knew this before, but none the less did she think it necessary to look as much shocked as if she heard the statement for the first time.

"No relations!" she exclaimed. "A girl of her age! Why, that is dreadful! Really, Mrs. Marks, you must excuse me if I say that I wonder very much at your courage in engaging such a person to enter your house and teach your children."



By way of reply, Mrs. Marks only stared. It had yet to dawn upon her comprehension that the misfortune of having no relations could possibly be made a social crime.

"It is hard on a young thing like Miss Katharine"—she began, when Mrs. Annesley interrupted her in her grandest way.

"It is not of Miss Tresham I am talking, Mrs. Marks, but of her position. Of course, it is only reasonable that when a girl of her age, and I suppose I may say of her refined appearance, talks of having no relations, she simply means one of two things—either that her relations do not acknowledge her, or else that they are themselves not fit to be acknowledged. In either case, as I remarked before, I think you must possess a great deal of courage to admit her to your family as you have done, and to be willing to trust her as you seem disposed to do. For my part, I confess that I should shudder to think of assuming such a responsibility; but then my conscience is very sensitive."

"She was so nice," said Mrs. Marks, deprecatingly, much impressed by this forcible view of the matter, and much agitated at being brought in guilty, by implication at least, of a callous conscience.

"So nice!" repeated Mrs. Annesley, in a tone of overpowering scorn. She forgot herself and her part, for a moment, and let the real earnestness which she felt come to the surface, as the thought rushed over her that all the trouble now weighing upon her, all the fear that had made her life wretched for months past, resulted from the act of this woman—this woman so far out of her life, so apart from all her associations. She had scarcely done more than bow to Mrs. Marks when they chanced to meet, once a year or so, on the village street, and yet the fateful sisters had thrown their shuttle, and across the warp and woof of her own life had woven the threads of this other homely existence. Common as such things are, when they come home to us as they came home to her, it is hard not to feel startled by them—hard to realize that they form the daily history of that which we call circumstance! Two strangers met by chance in the parlor of that Charleston hotel; the girl's face brightened into a winning smile, and the elder woman's heart was touched; a few words were said, and lo! the whole current of life was changed, not only for them, but for others then scattered in widely-different corners of the civilized world, then going each his different way, laughing, talking, smiling, weeping, perhaps, and knowing not what had been done—knowing not that, on a single breath, as it were, every aim and purpose of existence had been staked and changed—for better or worse, who could tell? Surely only He of whom it is well to think in the midst of such reflections as these—He who draws us each into our appointed path, and does not leave us to be the blind victims of a merciless Chance.

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Annesley, recovering herself with a faint, forced laugh. "I suppose, of course, you think Miss Tresham nice, but I was really unable to discover her attractions. What a beautiful view this room has! Do you cultivate your garden much?"

She rose and walked to the window. Well disciplined as she was, and thoroughly accustomed to self-control, she could not have sat still a moment longer and face the woman who had brought all this anxiety and possible grief upon her. An outbreak of some sort must have come, and she wisely prevented it by walking away and gazing absently into the garden, while Mrs. Marks willingly forsook the subject of Miss Tresham for that of her celery and winter lettuce.

As she talked, Mrs. Annesley's fertile brain ran over expedient after expedient for seeing St. John, and dismissed each as impracticable. How was she to do it?—How was she to do it? This was the accompaniment in her brain to Mrs. Marks's conversation. Yet she was as far as ever from the solution of her difficulty, and she almost began to despair of its accomplishment, when she accidentally caught sight of a man's head above a rose-bush in the garden. In a second, she felt sure that, by some strange coincidence, her opportunity was here, ready to her hand—that St. John stood before her.

She did not stop to consider why she knew that it was he, she did not think for a moment how he came there. She only felt, by a strange, intuitive thrill, that her desire was gratified more speedily and more completely than she could possibly have hoped for it to be, and that, come what would, she must seize the fortunate opportunity.

Yet how could she escape? how get rid of Mrs. Marks? That became as great a difficulty now as the means of meeting St. John had been before. As she asked herself the question, however, she

saw that there was no need of immediate haste. Plainly, St. John had entered the garden to bide his time, and plainly he meant to wait till that time came. His head had now disappeared from above the rose-bush, but Mrs. Annesley marked the place where she had seen it, and a thin, pale wreath of smoke, which now and then floated up, sufficiently indicated his present position, and sufficiently proved how he was whiling away the period of waiting.

"What is he waiting for?" Mrs. Annesley began to consider. "Is it Miss Tresham, or is it to come in and see Mrs. Marks?—Ah!"—as a sudden recollection flashed over her—"it is for me to leave. He sees the carriage before the gate, of course, and he has decided to remain in the garden and smoke a cigar until the coast is clear. There could not possibly be a better opportunity for seeing him, if only I could get rid of this horrid woman! But how on earth am I to do that?"

How, indeed! For, while the blue smoke floated pensively over the rose-bushes, and while Mrs. Annesley could scarcely keep her impatient hand from the latch of the door near which she stood, Mrs. Marks steadily held her ground, and steadily poured forth her flow of language with a profound unconsciousness that seemed as if it could be shaken by nothing less than a moral earthquake.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ON VARIETY AS AN AIM IN NATURE.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

IN No. 2, Vol. I., of the *Journal of Travel* there was an article by Mr. Wallace, applying the Darwinian theory of Natural Selection to the architecture of birds, and professing to explain thereby the varieties and peculiarities in the structure of nests.

As that explanation appeared to me altogether fanciful and erroneous, I contributed to the same journal a paper, in which the argument of Mr. Wallace was contested. In that paper the following passage occurs: "I am more and more convinced that variety, mere variety, must be admitted to be an object and an aim in Nature; and that neither any reason of utility nor any physical cause can always be assigned for the variations of instinct."

Mr. Darwin, in the work just published upon the Descent of Man, quotes this passage, and makes upon it the following comment: "I wish the duke had explained what he here means by Nature. Is it meant that the Creator of the universe ordained diversified results for His own satisfaction, or for that of man? The former notion seems to me as much wanting in due reverence as the latter in probability. Capriciousness of taste in the birds themselves appears a more fitting explanation."

I respond the more readily to the challenge of Mr. Darwin because the question which he puts to me, and the objection which he makes, involve points of the highest interest in philosophy and in theology.

Let me say, then, at once, that I meant precisely that which appears to him irreverent; I meant that variety, for its own sake—variety of form, of beauty, and of enjoyment—has been a purpose of the Creator in His creative work. The dislike which Mr. Darwin expresses to this belief is the more remarkable considering his own idea of the rank which the Law of Variation takes in the methods and in the history of creation. The inexhaustible variety of Nature has been, indeed, long observed. As a fact it stares us in the face in all the phenomena of the world. But it was reserved for Mr. Darwin to fix upon an innate, universal tendency in all species to vary, as the cardinal fact upon which turns the origin of species, and the whole system on which organic life has been developed from the lowest to the highest forms. It is—according to him—out of the accidental variations which have been perpetually arising that certain varieties have been "selected," because of these being the fittest to survive. But these variations must happen before they can be "selected." And so Mr. Darwin has been led to accumulate a mass of evidence to show that an inherent tendency to variation is a great general law of fundamental importance in the history of life, and furnishes the only and the sufficient key to the rise and progress of all its complicated structures.

If this be so—if the Law of Variation be indeed of such primary importance in the work of creation—how can it be "irreverent" to

hold that the establishment of this law has been an object and an aim of the Creator in the work which has been accomplished by it? The further back we push the idea of a Creator, and the more we conceive His "interference" to be limited to the ordaining of "laws," the more certain it becomes that in these laws at least, if anywhere, we have the expression of His mind and will.

Into what, then, does the objection of Mr. Darwin really resolve itself?

There seems to me to be but one answer to this question. The objection of Mr. Darwin is founded on that disposition—so old in the history of philosophy, and now so much revived—to dismiss as "Anthropomorphic" every conception of the divine character and attributes which brings them into conceivable relation with even the highest character and attributes of man. This is part of the philosophy of Nescience, and this is the point to which I wish to direct myself in the present paper.

I am under no necessity of arguing with Mr. Darwin on the existence of a Creator. I have never thought that his special theories on the methods of creation are inconsistent with theism. He himself repudiates such antagonism. "The birth both of species and of the individual are equally parts of that grand sequence of events which our minds refuse to accept as the result of blind chance. The understanding revolts at such a conclusion."\* In the passage also on which I am now commenting, Mr. Darwin assumes the existence of a Creator, and assumes, moreover, that there is some standard by which we may judge what is reverent and irreverent to think concerning Him.

What is this standard? Mr. Darwin has asked me one question which I have answered plainly. May I ask him to be good enough to answer that other question which I have now put, and to follow me for a short time in certain considerations which bear upon the reply?

If there be a Creator, there seems to be only two possible sources of information from which we can derive any knowledge of His character—one source is to be found in the nature and character of His works; the other source is to be found in direct revelations from Himself, if such exist.

Looking, then, to the creation as the Creator's work, the first thing to be observed is that the highest thing in it is the mind of man. If, therefore, there be any work in Nature which reflects any image of the Creator, the human mind is that work. Nor is there any difficulty in conceiving how such an image may be true and yet be faint—how it may be real and yet be distant. For nothing in the human mind is more wonderful than this, that it is conscious of its own limitations. The bars which we feel so much, and against which we so often beat in vain, are bars which would not be felt at all unless there were something in us against which they press. It is as if these bars were a limit of opportunity rather than a boundary of power. It is as if we might understand immensely more than we can discover—if only some one would explain it to us! There is hardly one of the higher powers or faculties of our mind in respect of which we do not feel daily that we are tied and bound by the weight of our infirmities. Therefore, we can have no difficulty in conceiving all our own powers exalted to an indefinite degree. And thus it is that, although all goodness, and power, and knowledge, must be conceived of as we know them in ourselves, it does not follow that they must be conceived of according to the measure which we ourselves supply.

These considerations show, first, that, as the human mind is the highest created thing of which we have any knowledge, its conceptions of what is greatest in the highest degree must be founded on what it knows to be greatest and highest in itself; and, secondly, that we have no difficulty in understanding how this image of the Highest may and must be faint, without being at all unreal or untrue.

And if this conclusion is forced upon us by the very nature of our own mind, it is a conclusion abundantly confirmed by the relation in which our mind stands to the rest of Nature—that is, to the other works of creation. Every hope we cherish, and every success which we attain in physical investigation, depends upon the fact that we can succeed, within certain limits, in discovering and in understanding the order of Nature—which fact has no other meaning than this, that the laws of Nature are so related to our faculties as to

be recognizable and intelligible in the light which they supply. And the highest light which these faculties do supply is that by which the mind recognizes in Nature the working of a spirit like its own. Hence it is that the question "What?" is ever instinctively followed up by the question "How?" and this again by the final question "Why?" In whatever degree and measure this last question can be answered, in that degree only do we reach an explanation. Hence the perpetual recurrence in the descriptions of naturalists of those forms of expression which bring the phenomena they describe within the conception of purpose, and translate the facts of fitness and adaptation into the familiar language of design. I have already pointed out\* how largely Mr. Darwin has drawn on this language as the fittest, if not the only language, by which the facts can be described.

Mr. Mivart has, indeed, lately remarked, in a very able work,† that this teleological language is, when used by Mr. Darwin, purely metaphorical. But for what purpose are metaphors used? Is it as a means of making plain to our own understandings the principles of things, and of tracing, amid the varieties of phenomena, the essential unities of Nature? In this sense, all language is full of metaphor—that is to say, of words which transfer and apply ideas gained in one sphere of investigation to another, because there also the same ideas are seen to be expressed in some other form. When Mr. Darwin uses metaphorically the language of contrivance and design, he must use it as a help to the understanding of the facts. When, for example, he tells us of the traps and triggers which are set in orchids; that they are constructed and set, "in order that" they may catch the probosces of moths or the backs of bees, he does not mean that the plan and scheme of vegetable physiology have been explained to him by the Creator. He means only that the traps and triggers are, as a matter of fact, so set that they do catch the probosces of moths—that these do again convey the pollen to other flowers, by which they are fertilized; and that all this elaborate mechanism is "as if" it had been arranged "in order that" these things might happen. Exactly so; that is to say, the facts of Nature are best brought home to, and explained to, the understanding by stating them in terms of the relation which they obviously bear to the familiar operation of the mind and spirit.

And this is the invariable result of all physical inquiry. In this sense Nature is essentially anthropomorphic. Man sees his own mind reflected in it—his own, not in quantity, but in quality—his own fundamental attributes of intellect—and, to a wonderful degree, even his own methods of operation. In particular, mechanical contrivance, which he knows so well, and in which he takes so much delight, is one universal character of creation. It is as if the Creator had first laid down a few simple laws—that is to say, had evolved a few simple elementary forces, and had then worked from these with boundless resources of constructive skill.

I do not know that the discoveries of modern science, great as they have been, and much as they are vaunted, have contributed any thing toward the solution of the final problems of all human speculation. These, in so far as mere speculation is capable of dealing with them, seem to remain very much where the great intellects of the ancient world found them and left them. But, short of these final problems, there are two impressions which the progress of discovery has largely tended to teach and to confirm. One is the universal prevalence of mechanism in Nature; and the other is the substantial truthfulness of the knowledge we derive from that most wondrous of all mechanisms—the mechanism of the senses. And this last is a matter of immense importance. For all that we know of matter is so different from all that we are conscious of in mind that the whole relations between the two are really inconceivable to us. Hence they constitute a region of darkness in which we may easily be lost in an abyss of utter skepticism. What proof have we, it has been often asked, that the mental impressions we derive from objects are in any way like the truth? We know only the phenomena, not the reality, of things; we are conversant with things as they appear, not with things as they are "in themselves." What proof have we that these phenomena give us any real knowledge of the truth? How, indeed, is it possible that knowledge so "relative" and so "conditioned"—"relative" to a mind so limited, and "conditioned" by senses which

\* "Descent of Man."

\* "Reign of Law."

† "Genesis of Species," by St. George Mivart.

tell of nothing but sensations—how can such knowledge be accepted as substantial? Is it not plain that our conceptions of creation and of the Creator are all mere "anthropomorphism?" Is it not our own shadow that we are always chasing? Is it not a mere bigger image of ourselves to which we are always bowing down? I know of nothing in philosophy better calculated to disperse these morbid dreams than to breathe the healthy air of physical investigation and discovery. Although here, also, the limitations of our knowledge continually haunt us, we gain, nevertheless, a triumphant sense of its certainty and its truthfulness. Corroboration follows on corroboration, to assure us that we have a hold on truth.

It is impossible to place too high a value on the work which science is doing in this direction. It is a service which has not yet, I think, been sufficiently noticed or appreciated. Let us take an example. Up to a very recent period, light and sound were known as sensations only—that is to say, they were known in terms of the mental impression they produce, and in no other terms whatever. They were not known "in themselves." There was no proof that in the sensations we had any knowledge of the unknown reality which produced them. But now all this is changed. Science has not, indeed, bridged the gulf which separates mind from matter; it has not explained to us, and it never will, what is the method of contact between the mind and the organism through which the mind is informed; but it has discovered what these two agencies of light and sound are "in themselves"—that is to say, it has defined them under aspects which are totally distinct from seeing or hearing, and is able to describe them in terms addressed to wholly different faculties of conception. That which we call light is a series of undulations in some ethereal elastic medium, to which undulations, or rather to a certain portion of them, the retina is "attuned," and which, when they reach that organ, are "translated" into the sensation which we know. These are the words used by Professor Tyndall to describe the facts. They are "metaphors" only in the sense in which the highest expressions of truth are always metaphorical. We know that light is, as it were, a translation from one language to another. And now it appears that the facts, as described to us in this language of sensation, are the true equivalent of the facts as described in the very different language of intellectual analysis. The eye is an apparatus for enabling the mind instantaneously to appreciate differences of motion which are of almost inconceivable minuteness. The pleasures we derive from the harmonies of color and of sound, although mere sensations, do correctly represent the movement of undulations in a definite order; while those other sensations which we know as discords represent the actual clashing and disorder of interfering waves. Thus the mental impressions which our organs have been constructed to convey are a true interpretation of external facts. The mirror into which we look is a true mirror, reflecting accurately, and with infinite fineness, the realities of Nature.

And this great lesson is being repeated in every new discovery, and in every new application of an old one. Every triumph of modern science is a refutation of the bad metaphysics out of which the sickly fancies of nescience have arisen. Every reduction of phenomena to ascertained measures of force; every application of mathematical proof to theoretical conceptions; every detection of identical operations in diverse departments of Nature; every subjection of material agencies to the service of mankind; every confirmation of knowledge acquired through one sense by the evidence of another—every one of these operations adds to the verifications of science, confirms our reasonable trust in the faculties we possess, and assures us that the knowledge we acquire by the careful use of these is a substantial knowledge of the truth.

Such considerations may well inspire us with some confidence that the impressions which we derive from Nature of the Creator's character are not untrue because they are necessarily conceived in the terms of human thought. Doubtless, they are imperfect and incomplete; for this, indeed, our own faculties tell us they are and must be. But all reason and analogy assure us that they contain some real and solid representation of the truth. Let us not be scared, then, by this terror of anthropomorphism, which, under the aspect of humility in respect to ourselves, is, when we come to analyze it, really based on utter distrust of the truthfulness of God. If we cannot believe in the relations which he has established between the mind of man and the rest of his creation, we can believe in nothing. We are ourselves "magnetic mockeries" in a world of lies.

And well may we reject this fear of anthropomorphism when we recollect the result of all past endeavors to construct an idea of God which should be, as far as possible, removed from the image of man. The pale, impassive deities of the Lucretian Olympus are, I suppose, the only alternative conception we can form. They are far enough removed, assuredly, from the creation, as we see and know it—a creation so full of movement and of effort, of designs conceived, and of difficulties overcome.

..... "The gods, who haunt  
The lucid interspace of world and world,  
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,  
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,  
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,  
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar  
Their sacred, everlasting calm!"

I need not say that such conceptions as these of the divine Nature do not escape from anthropomorphism. The only difference is, that they take as their pattern a maimed and morbid humanity instead of the humanity which Nature actually presents.

I have no right to assume that all whom I address in this paper will admit that there is any appeal from the evidence of Nature on these subjects to the evidence of any special revelation on the character of the Creator. But at least I may assume that, if there be such a revelation, it is to be found in the Hebrew and in the Christian Scriptures. No higher conception of the divine Nature than the conception which they present has been, or can be, formed. At least, if there be such a conception, I do not know where to find it. We must be satisfied with what has been written in the Prophets and in the Psalms concerning Him. I cannot find any standard of reverence, whether new or old, better than the standard which they supply. They reflect both those aspects of the truth which are so striking in Nature. On the one hand they assert the unsearchableness of God. On the other hand they assert, as strongly, the intelligible relation which He bears to the human spirit. And in their language, whether in the Old or in the New Testament, I find no fear of such representations of the Creator in reference to His works as I ventured to use in the passage which has been condemned by Mr. Darwin. There, at least, it is not considered irreverent to speak of God as taking pleasure in the works of His own hands. "For thy pleasure they are and were created." Variety is one of the most notable facts in Nature. I repeat, therefore, once more, my belief that this variety—variety of form, of beauty, and of enjoyment—appears to have been an object and an aim in the creative mind.

I cannot conclude this paper without an expression of respect for the rare candor with which Mr. Darwin confesses that, in his work on the Origin of Species, he underestimated the number and variety of organic structures which have no positive utility, and cannot, therefore, have been either originated or preserved through the influences of "natural selection." For these structures—subserving mainly the purposes of ornament—he now accounts by what he calls "sexual selection." I have no leisure now to state all the facts and arguments which appear to me to disprove this theory. Many of them are stated with admirable force in Mr. Mivart's work. But I may simply observe that, as Mr. Darwin himself confesses, the propagation of organic forms takes place throughout extensive provinces of Nature under conditions which exclude altogether the element of choice on the part of either male or female. When we consider that these conditions apply to the whole vegetable kingdom, and to extensive subdivisions of the animal kingdom also, and when we consider how enormous in these is the development of forms which are splendidly ornamented, we have some measure of the utter inadequacy (to say the least) of the explanation which Mr. Darwin has suggested. It would seem to be an elementary principle in reasoning on such subjects that phenomena cannot be ascribed to a particular cause which is not co-extensive with its assumed effects.

## THE BURIAL OF LATANÉ.

A RIDE with his force, Jeb Stuart  
Around the enemy made;  
He carried the torch and the sabre,  
And ruin followed the raid.



Just fourteen hundred horsemen  
Went out that summer day;  
One only stayed behind us;  
But that one was Latané.

We met some Federal riders—  
Not many, but brave and stout—  
Under their captain, Royall;  
And they stayed to fight it out.  
Gayly we spurred to meet them,  
And foremost in the fray,  
At head of his squadron riding,  
Was the daring Latané.

The strife was stern and bloody,  
The struggle was quick and hot;  
A sudden clashing of sabres,  
A rattle of pistol-shot.  
One went down in the skirmish,  
One of our side, that day—  
Death loves to strike the bravest,  
And the dead was Latané.

We mourned the loss of our comrade,  
Though death was familiar then;  
And tears fell fast as we passed him,  
From the eyes of bearded men.  
But we left him in charge of his brother,  
While we rode slow away—  
Our horses' tramp and scabbards' clank  
Were the dirge of Latané.

When we had gone, the foemen  
Swooped down with a troop of horse  
To the gate of the old plantation,  
Where the brother had borne the corpse.  
They carried away that brother—  
He was killed on another day—  
And forbade the priest and the service  
To the body of Latané.

Hedged by the Federal forces,  
While none of ours remain—  
Shall no funeral-rites be given  
To the chief untimely slain?  
Buried without the ritual,  
The cold and pallid clay,  
And covered in mode unseemly,  
The form of Latané?

The brave among the bravest,  
In a desperate cause to die,  
Shall the foe in sullen anger,  
The honors of death deny?  
Keep back the priest with sabres,  
Ye shall not win your way,  
While a kind Virginia matron  
Is the friend of Latané.

A fair Virginia matron,  
Worthy the name she bore—  
A matron proud and stately,  
Summoned her maidens four.  
Daughters of Giles and Waller,  
Of Pegram and Paul, that day  
Followed the shrouded figure  
Of the gallant Latané.

Under the oak-trees' shadow  
The faithful servants bore  
The dead and silent captain,  
Whose sword may flash no more—

Bore in a sad procession,  
Down through the leafy way,  
The rude and hasty coffin  
Of the lifeless Latané.

And there, while tearful maidens  
And pitying servants stood,  
In voiceless grief and sombre,  
Beneath the spreading wood,  
The matron's voice ascended  
To the heaven above, that day,  
In the prayer the Church had given,  
For the soul of Latané:

"Earth to earth, and ashes  
To ashes, and dust to dust—"  
The body to earth, and the spirit  
To God in an humble trust.  
They heaped the dark soil over,  
And, till the judgment-day,  
They left to lie and moulder  
The body of Latané.

There lie, in state, some corpses  
Beneath a lofty dome,  
And then, with the rolling drum-beat,  
Are borne to their final home.  
He sleeps as well in his coffin  
Who is earthed in another way;  
And the angel's trump will surely waken  
The spirit of Latané.

## THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY" AND "LOTHAIR"—A CONTRAST.

FROM "LONDON SOCIETY."

IT is the height of the London season some forty years since, and we are standing in a long library in Lady Blessington's mansion in Seamore Place, whose sides are alternately covered with rows of magnificently-bound books and gorgeously-framed mirrors. The window, which is deep and runs the entire breadth of the room, opens upon Hyde Park. We have before us a letter, written by a gentleman\* at the time, describing his introduction to Lady Blessington in this very room, and from that letter we will venture to quote: "The picture to my eye as the door opened was a very lovely one; a woman of remarkable beauty, half-buried in a *fauveuil* of yellow satin, reading by a magnificent lamp suspended from the centre of the arched ceiling; sofas, couches, ottomans, and busts, arranged in rather a crowded sumptuousness through the room; grand tables covered with expensive and elegant trifles in every corner; and a delicate white hand relieved on the back of a book to which the eye was attracted by the blaze of its diamond rings. As the servant mentioned my name, she rose and gave me her hand very cordially, and, a gentleman entering immediately afterward, she presented me to Count d'Orsay, the well-known Pelham of London, and certainly the most splendid specimen of a man, and a well-dressed one, that I had ever seen."

There was no other room in Europe which could boast of witnessing more brilliant *réunions* than those which were then in the habit of frequently assembling in that library in Seamore Place. The *salon* glitters with stars, and is resplendent with orders of every kind. Not a nation of the civilized world is without its representative. There are foreign counts, who have achieved eminence, and who speak every European language, *attachés*, ambassadors, and princes. There, stands the greatest capitalist in the world, the original, possibly, of Sidonia of "Coningsby" fame; and there, in groups at intervals round the apartment, are met together all that is most eminent in every possible department and kind of excellence and skill in England. Mr. Lytton Bulwer, who has just won his spurs by his novel "Pelham," enters with an attractive frankness, and is received with *empressment* by the

\* N. P. Willis.

noble hostess. That speaker yonder with the merry eye and the Bacchus head is Tom Moore, criticising the *personnel* of the English House of Commons, and discussing the condition of Ireland. "The great period of Ireland's glory," you may hear him say, "was between '82 and '98, and it was a time when a man almost lived with a pistol in his hand." A volley of well-bred laughter draws your attention to another portion of the room; you look up and you see Theodore Hook, the Lucian Gay of "Coningsby," with his hand on Lord Canterbury's sleeve, narrating the incidents of the last practical joke, or expatiating upon the theme of some new political squib for the "Examiner." A little bit to the left you have Horace Smith, one of the authors of rejected addresses, playing rather an *aside* in the conversation, interpolating a pun or a witticism whenever he gets a chance, but more a listener than a talker. There, is a famous traveller just returned from Constantinople; and there, Henry Bulwer (to-day Lord Dalling) discussing with great earnestness the last speech of Daniel O'Connell. Scattered about the room are such men as Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Strangford, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Henry Luttrell—the "wit among lords, and the lord among wits"—the Hon. W. R. Spencer, and Captain Marryat.

Two persons of different ages and different appearance, indeed, yet not without a strong mutual resemblance of feature, enter, and remind us by the announcement of their names that we have already delayed too long over the preliminaries of the subject of this article. The pair are Mr. Disraeli the older and Mr. Disraeli the younger; and Lady Blesington receives them both with conspicuous welcome. It was only the other day that her ladyship was mentioning to a visitor how delightful it was to witness the old man's pride in his clever young son, and the son's respect and affection for his father. Mr. Disraeli *père* is just now engaged in collecting materials for an exceedingly elaborate and comprehensive "History of English Literature"—one of those books, unfortunately, which are destined never to advance beyond the stage of design. Mr. Disraeli *fils*, Disraeli "the younger," as you may read his name on the title-page of his new (and soon to be issued) volume, has lately made a triumphant successful *début* in the arena of authorship. "Vivian Grey" is the talk of the town. Who is the Marquis of Carabas? Can it be possible that Lord Courtown is really Sir —? And does the dangerous young author mean by Mr. Cleveland none other than —? And then who are all German duchy celebrities? And, if it comes to that, who is "Vivian Grey" himself? These are the questions which sapient

London is asking itself, and every day rejecting answers by the score, or framing new ones which are certain to meet with a similar destiny of repudiation to-morrow.

Just at this moment we will not puzzle ourselves with the interrogations as to who Mr. Vivian Grey is or is not: we may as well occupy ourselves with taking some personal observations as to the creator of Mr. Vivian Grey. And there he stands—"Disraeli the younger." He has taken up his position in front of hostess's mantel-piece, and you may note the clever young man at your leisure. Every one is looking at him to-night; for Mr. Benjamin Disraeli has made a sensation, and sensation is what society loves, and of whose author it in-

variably makes a hero.

It is possible that if we were to project ourselves somewhat forward in the course of time, and to glance at the costume of Mr. Benjamin Disraeli by the light of some ridiculously advanced date in the world's history, say A. D. 1871, if our island is not by that time sunk deep in the sea's profound, we should pronounce it a trifle peculiar, antiquated perhaps. Now it is simply the highest mode and the newest fashion, for the famous young author of "Vivian Grey" has a dash of the dandy about him. But, after all, it is the face which attracts and even fascinates you more than the dress. A countenance lividly pale—till you hear the ringing voice and know the energy of the lungs which it implies, you might fancy the brilliant young writer was the victim of a slowly but fatally wasting consumption—eyes black as the night, that glisten forth from their recesses with an expression of mingled mockery and ambuscade; a lofty forehead, and an unmistakably intellectual brow, above which is an opulent mass of jet-black hair, flowing in ringlets over his left cheek to his almost collarless stock, while on

the left it is parted and put away with a girlish carefulness. The coat is the coat of any ordinary civilian of the times, but not the waistcoat—a marvellous vest, in truth, gleaming in the wax-lights with its splendid embroidery of gorgeous gold flowers. Add to these, patent-leather pumps, a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and a mysterious complication of gold chains in the region of his neck and pockets—and you have a faithful picture of Disraeli the younger, author of "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Fleming, or the Psychological Romance."

We have headed this article "A Contrast," and the title is the more closely enforced by the two illustrations which accompany it. The truth is, that Mr. Disraeli's entire career is one continued series of contrasts. We are now only glancing at those which, by virtue of



THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY."

From a Sketch by the late D. MACLISE, R. A.

1830.

their historical position, are the most conspicuous and strongly defined. We are looking at the first and latest scenes in Mr. Disraeli's public and political life. The right honorable senator in his brougham in Bond Street may be the living antithesis of the curled young exquisite in Lady Blessington's *salon*; but the former is not the less the natural development of the latter, for all that. In the realities of Mr. Disraeli's manhood the ideals of his youth are accomplished. When "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Fleming" were written, their brilliant young author neglected to take heedful note of the inevitable interval between ambition and achievement. The dreams of power and influence which are shadowed forth in the psychological romance have

taken form and substance, as consummated truths with the author of "Lothair." The contrast, such as it is, is the contrast between the vision of aspiration and the fruit of action: and the great statesman is the logical outcome of the romantic youth. The wildest of Mr. Disraeli's youthful romances have been but the spiritualized exaggerations of actual life. "Contarini Fleming" is sonorous pronounced by its author to be a "history of the formation and the development of the poetic character." As a matter of fact, the pretensions are not justified by the book. "Contarini Fleming" is the autobiography of a youth who abandons the impalpable day-dreams of a visionary for the tangible gratifications of political power. He is a great man, Mr. Disraeli has told us in "Coningsby," who is able to sway his fellow-men, and mould them to his sovereign will. The key-note of all Mr. Disraeli's novels, of the careers of all his heroes, is also the key-note of Mr. Disraeli's life—the acquisition of power

and the possession of influence. "The moment that he entered society, his thoughtful face would break into a fascinating smile, and he listened with interest to the tales of levity and joined with readiness in each frivolous pursuit. He was sumptuary in his habits, and was said to be even voluptuary. Perhaps he affected gallantry because he was deeply impressed with the influence of women both upon public and private opinion. With them he was a universal favorite; and, as you beheld him assenting with conviction to their gay or serious nonsense, and waving with studied grace his perfumed handkerchief in his delicately-white and jewelled hand, you might have supposed him for a moment a consummate lord-chamberlain—but only for a moment, for, had you caught his eye, you had withdrawn your gaze with precipitation and perhaps with awe. For the rest, he spoke all languages, never lost his self-

possession, and never displayed a spark of strong feeling." So writes Mr. Disraeli in the psychological romance, and the words are significant as showing us the ideal of the author.

A contrast there, indeed, is between the position of the writer of "Vivian Grey" and that of the writer of "Lothair;" but it is not a contrast of surprise. On the contrary, it would have been strange if the lad who wrote the former of these works had not in time emerged to the dignity which clothes the statesman who wrote the latter. The magnificently-arrayed young gentleman whom we have seen in Lady Blessington's *salon* gave us ample promise of performance which should bring any honors of public life within his grasp that he

might wish to achieve.

If Mr. Disraeli had been able or cared to divest himself of some attributes of clever impetuosity, and to employ more of cunning, his political success might have been accomplished long before it actually was. A contrast, these two sketches, certainly; but it is simply the contrast between youth and manhood, between anticipation and fulfilment: it is the contrast which every progression exhibits: it is not the contrast of negation. In support of our position, let us examine matters a little more closely; let us investigate, as minutely as possible, the relation in which Mr. Disraeli of "Vivian-Grey" notoriety stands to Mr. Disraeli of "Lothair" renown; what and how significant is the interval of space which separates the Disraeli the younger, of Lady Blessington's drawing-room in Seasmere Place, from the Disraeli of the brougham in Bond Street, the ex-premier, and the acknowledged head of the Conservative, or, as we would rather say, of the Tory, party. Stated briefly, of what must the contrast



THE AUTHOR OF "LOTHAIR."

By JOHN GILBERT.

1870.

between the Mr. Disraeli of "Vivian Grey" and of "Lothair" be considered symbolical? Of the antithesis which is offered by inexperience to experience, and by sound practical wisdom to fantastic exaggeration. Whether the impression made by Mr. Disraeli's "Vivian Greyisms" has acted unfavorably for him upon the public mind may be a moot point; but it is quite certain that this novel contains the first germs of Mr. Disraeli's future vigor and power. We are not going to examine the mechanism of this or any other of Mr. Disraeli's works; neither shall we open up the profitless question as to how far some of the fictions of this eminent writer may or may not be considered autobiographical. What we are here concerned with is the Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli at two different stages of his career, with the interval of forty years between them. As to



how far the one picture may be said to contain the promise of the other, we have already expressed our opinion. In what essential respects, if any, does the latter portraiture resemble the earlier? What features have been wholly obliterated by the lapse of time? or, on the other hand, are there any which have been brought out into stronger relief?

Every great poet, it has been said, must partially create the taste by which he is enjoyed; and the remark is eminently true of Mr. Disraeli's popularity. Mr. Disraeli has created the taste for Disraelism. "Vivian Grey" was the intellectual relish which provoked the public appetite. Mr. Disraeli has achieved eminence, not in spite of the shock of surprise which that "novel by a boy" administered to the world, but in virtue of continuing the impression of that shock by pursuing the method of its production. The audacious originality which characterized the youthful novelist characterizes equally the complete and maturer statesman. Nothing is more remarkable than the continuity of Mr. Disraeli's intellectual life and development. The expansion and the enforcement of his public views and political doctrines have been strictly logical processes. Were the dreams of his youth extravagant? But who shall say that they are not the realities of his manhood? As a political thinker, Mr. Disraeli has been both consistent and sincere. The fantastic theories and the wild dreams of "Vivian Grey," "Contarini Fleming," even of the "Revolutionary Epic," have been crystallized into the compact principles of the statesman's policy. They have not been abandoned. Here and there a semblance of absurdity has fallen away, and an excrescence of impossible exaggeration has been pruned off. The wild imagination of youth has been subdued by the tempering discipline of experience. Ends that, when enounced in their crude shape, were asserted by the world to have been impracticable, have been steadily followed out by the statesman, and many of them have been attained. The ambition has been accomplished: only its vaunting pride, which on Mr. Disraeli's first entrance into public life overleaped itself, and threatened to land its rider in a bottomless pit of bathos, has been abandoned. The author of "Vivian Grey" made the mistake of supposing that the same qualities which had gained him notoriety as a novelist would give him fame and influence as a senator. He discovered the mistake, and he rectified it. The world, like Nature, can only be subdued by obedience to its laws. Mr. Disraeli has been able to so conspicuous an extent to gratify his pet political instincts by moderating his impulses.

Once more we turn to the portraits, placed in immediate juxtaposition, with which we have accompanied this article, and once more we seek to identify the earlier with the later. We have said enough to render the process of identification easy. Vivian Grey breathes again in Lothair, though with a difference—and a contrast. But it is the contrast of development rather than of metamorphosis. Between a stripling who has just written an undeniably clever but in parts utterly preposterous novel, who has as yet barely got his foot upon the first step of the ladder of public power and political fame, and the statesman who has in his time reorganized a great political party, mastered all the difficulties of political life, familiarized himself with all the labors of administration, given titles and conferred dignities, made baronets, peers, dukes, bishops, and even selected the primate himself, occupied important places in three different ministries, and finally, by winning the premiership, acquired the highest post which can be conferred on an Englishman, himself no Englishman at all—between these two conceptions a great gulf is fixed. But it is a gulf whose bridgment the years that bring the philosophic mind, a resolute determination to succeed which exhibited itself from the very first, are quite enough to explain. There are two or three closing reflections which this contrast between the Mr. Disraeli of "Vivian Grey" and the Mr. Disraeli of "Lothair" may suggest, as well as facts of which it may serve to remind us. There is no word which has so often been applied to the illustrious subject of our remarks as "adventurer." From the language employed by a host of uninformed and ill-bred writers it might be supposed that Mr. Disraeli commenced life without any thing save his brains, without friends, without connection, without means, without rank; that he has had throughout to struggle with difficulties both social and financial, wellnigh overwhelming in their nature; that he has eaten the bread of poverty, and been the needy creature of his superiors. On these points let us endeavor to correct public opinion, and enlighten popular ignorance. Is it likely that a young gentleman who had the *culture* of the best so-

ciety in London, who lounges, as we have seen him, in and out of Lady Blessington's drawing-room whenever he pleases, who has, while a mere youth, men such as D'Orsay for his intimates, whose father can introduce him to the most considerable people in the kingdom, and who does introduce him—is it likely that this young man should be either impecunious or friendless? On the contrary, from the very first, Disraeli the younger was the favorite of Fortune. His father was well off; his son was always more than liberally allowed. Isaac Disraeli's house was frequented by the most eminent people of the day, and by visitors of the very highest rank. Where Disraeli the elder went, there went also Disraeli the son. He was exceedingly popular in his manner; his society was universally sought after, and it has only been his dogged determination of purpose which has enabled him to devote so much of his time to the laborious and exhausting pursuits of his career. In a man so circumstanced by nature and by fortune, where can we find the marks of an adventurer? Fame, notoriety—these were the two objects which Mr. Disraeli has striven so hard, and with success so magnificent, to gratify. The example is one which may be emulated by many another young man; but it is quite impossible that it should be emulated by any one who can start from a more conspicuous vantage-ground.

If we look at the nobler qualities of human nature, we shall fail to prove in respect of these any contrast between the author of "Vivian Grey" and "Lothair." Mr. Disraeli's writings have always been pure and elevating in tone. The characters which he has selected for eulogy, or the models which he has held up for imitation, have all been of an ennobling kind. The atmosphere into which he introduces us is healthy and sweet. His husbands are honest; his wives are true; his maidens are pure; and his lads are ingenuous. He has never written a word which a father would not read to his daughter, or a lover to his betrothed. And, in "Vivian Grey" and "Lothair" alike, there is the same chivalry of sentiment, the same generosity of soul, the same loyalty to the cause of friendship. There is nothing more interesting in Mr. Disraeli's history than his devotion to and his championship of those whose friendship he has made. In his biography of Lord George Bentinck, professedly a panegyric as that biography is, there is not a word which savors of fulsome insincerity.

## OUR NATIVE ORCHIDS.

WHEN visiting a conservatory of choice exotics, we are usually most fascinated by the singularly beautiful forms and colors of the orchids. Many of them so closely resemble the shape of insects and imitate their color so exactly, that it is difficult to realize that they pertain to the vegetable kingdom.

Most of the tropical members of this splendid order love to perch themselves airily upon the branches of trees, and their position thus aids in deceiving the observer as to their actual nature. He fancies that some gorgeous insect has but alighted for a moment to rest its party-colored wings, and expects, at the next instant, to see it flit to the nearest flower.

We would naturally suppose, from their favorite position, that they were parasites; but such is not the case. The boughs of the trees and the nooks of rocks are but their resting-places; the air itself is their sustenance. Their delicate beauty disdains to be nourished by the earth which supports the neighboring plants. Nothing but the pure breath of heaven can be moulded into forms of such ethereal loveliness.

So perfect, oftentimes, is the resemblance to the lepidoptera, that insects themselves are said to be deceived and enticed toward their gaudy petals. This apparently trivial fact assumes a deep significance in view of the discovery of Darwin and others, who have proved, by careful observation, that most of the orchidaceæ are unable to produce seed except through the agency of insects, who, in their search for nectar, carry the fertilizing pollen from one flower to another, adhering to some portion of their bodies. The organs of the plant and of the insect are evidently planned to assist cross-fertilization. It is asserted that some of the orchids would perish from the earth, if their living attendants were destroyed. So instructive a study is the reciprocal relation between these two kingdoms of Nature as here indicated, that most botanists of our time have engaged in it with

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enthusiasm. None can do so without admiring the patience, ingenuity, and perseverance with which Darwin has labored, or the clearness with which he has stated his results.

Examination proves the same relationship to the insect-world to exist in a vast number of plants belonging to other orders. Our own mountain-laurel, and the *houstonia* which whitens the June meadows, are found to be thus dependent upon insects. Other curious affinities between animal and vegetable life have been pointed out by Wallace, whose essays upon "Mimicry and Protective Resemblances" are among the most interesting in his published works.

The study of the orchids will prove very interesting to all whose attention is attracted to them. Generous though our friends may be, however, they will scarcely care to furnish, from their conservatories, their costly specimens for analysis. But the tropics do not alone yield this fantastic family. In summer its members rejoice all about us; but in our cold climate we must not seek them in the tree-tops, but mostly in swamps or damp woods. May brings us the lady's-slipper, and June adds the exquisite *arethusa*, the fragrant *pogonia*, easily mistaken for the last, and the *callopogon* with its beautiful beard. To describe either individually would be but to reflect upon the equal elegance of the others. But of one, the small, fringed orchid, we cannot hesitate to speak. When, in early June, we discover it upon the river-bank, but one of its ciliated blossoms perhaps may be expanded; but, as we bid it welcome to the house, it holds out flower after flower in gratitude.

There is a larger and even more showy fringed orchid, of similar appearance. It is not so frequently met with here, but is of common occurrence in the woods of Maine and New Brunswick, where, too, is found the rare calypso, a dainty slipper of purple, pink, and yellow, which "Nature's own sweet and cunning hand" has so tastefully adorned that even *Titania* would hesitate to profane it by her fairy touch. In July it may be our rare good fortune to meet with the white-fringed orchid, the most spiritual flower of the forest. It may be regarded as some sweet soul, who, in this form, loves still to linger upon earth. We hesitate to breathe, lest we waft it away.

Many other orchids might be mentioned—such as the showy orchid, whose odor recalls some scarcely-defined impression of the past; the goodyera, with its strangely-mottled leaves; the graceful "maiden's-tresses," and the coral-root. But our desire is not to chronicle a list of names, but to introduce these pretty flowers to our readers in the most pleasing guise. We have already said enough to call attention to these gentle teachers of beauty and all-wise design.

## JAPANESE FÊTES.

IN the opinion of Kaemper, the ancient Japanese chose days for their principal annual *fêtes* which were supposed to be the most unfortunate, their object being, not only to divert the gods, but also to counteract all evil influences, by the united prayers and wishes of the people. The principal *fêtes*—five in number—are connected by a series of solemnities of an inferior order, specially characterized by manifestations of public joy. Of these there are thirty-eight, occurring on the first, fifteenth, and twentieth of each month, and at the summer and winter solstices.

The *reikiis*, as these minor *fêtes* are called, are, however, not days devoted exclusively to recreation. All the citizens do their best attire, it is true, but only to offer up their morning devotions in the temple of their choice, and to make a round of visits among relations, friends, or civil or military dignitaries. The remainder of the day is spent in plying their respective vocations, in the family circle, or in the public gardens.

Such are the general characteristics of the monthly *fêtes*. That which distinguishes the one from the other is due to certain peculiarities of climate, or to the various natural products of the seasons. Thus, a dish of boiled beans (*Phaseolus radiatus*) invariably forms a part of the repasts of the first month, and a dish of fresh vegetables of those of the second. The boys take an active part in the merry-makings that accompany the agricultural labor of the spring. They are allowed to carry a holy-water sprinkler, and to cover their faces with a mask representing the head of a fox, in memory of the God of Rice, who brought this precious cereal from China to Japan, mounted on a horse with the head of a fox.

The following month, the young girls, in their turn, leading their younger brothers and sisters, repair in crowds to the banks of the *Semida-gawa*. They are not masked, but are painted, and powdered, and tricked out with gewgaws and bawbles in their hair and girdles. Thus adorned, they go gathering bouquets of flowers, vying, in a manner, with the luxuriant verdure of spring by the brilliant colors of the infantine costumes.

One of the principal annual *fêtes*—that of the seventh day of the seventh month—is called the *Fête of the Lamps*, or the *Lanterns*. At Jeddo, little girls promenade the streets in crowds, singing at the top of their voices, and carrying paper lanterns. In some of the southern cities, the inhabitants visit the cemeteries, and pass the night among the tombs.

The thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth, are the days on which the people visit the temples to pray for the dead and burn tapers for them. The fifteenth is the day on which all accounts are adjusted for the first half of the year. The performance of this duty is followed by a general jubilee, embracing every variety of amusement, in which masquerades, accompanied with the national dances, are one of the most popular. All the masks have their signification, their traditional character. There are the placid faces of noblemen and the ladies of the *dairi*; then the savage features of the heroes of their civil wars. There are fantastic masks with movable jaws, in imitation of those worn by the actors of the *mi-kado*. Others represent the grotesque and divine *Tengau* (the good), chub-faced *Okame*, or the unfortunate *Hiyotoko*, the ideal of ugliness. Among the latter are representations of every known variety of the race of demons—those with one eye, with two eyes, and one, two, and sometimes three horns, from the smallest devil to the most gigantic, including the odious *Hanggia*, the female demon. Finally, there is another class made to represent *Master Katsue*, the fox, or *Sarau*, the ape, or the lion of *Corea* or of *Kappa*.

As for dances, there is no end to them. The rice-dance alone has about thirty figures. It is executed by men only, wearing for their entire costume a girdle of rice-straw, a hat of the same material, pulled down over the eyes, and a short mantle, falling over the shoulders, with sleeves that resemble the wings of a butterfly.

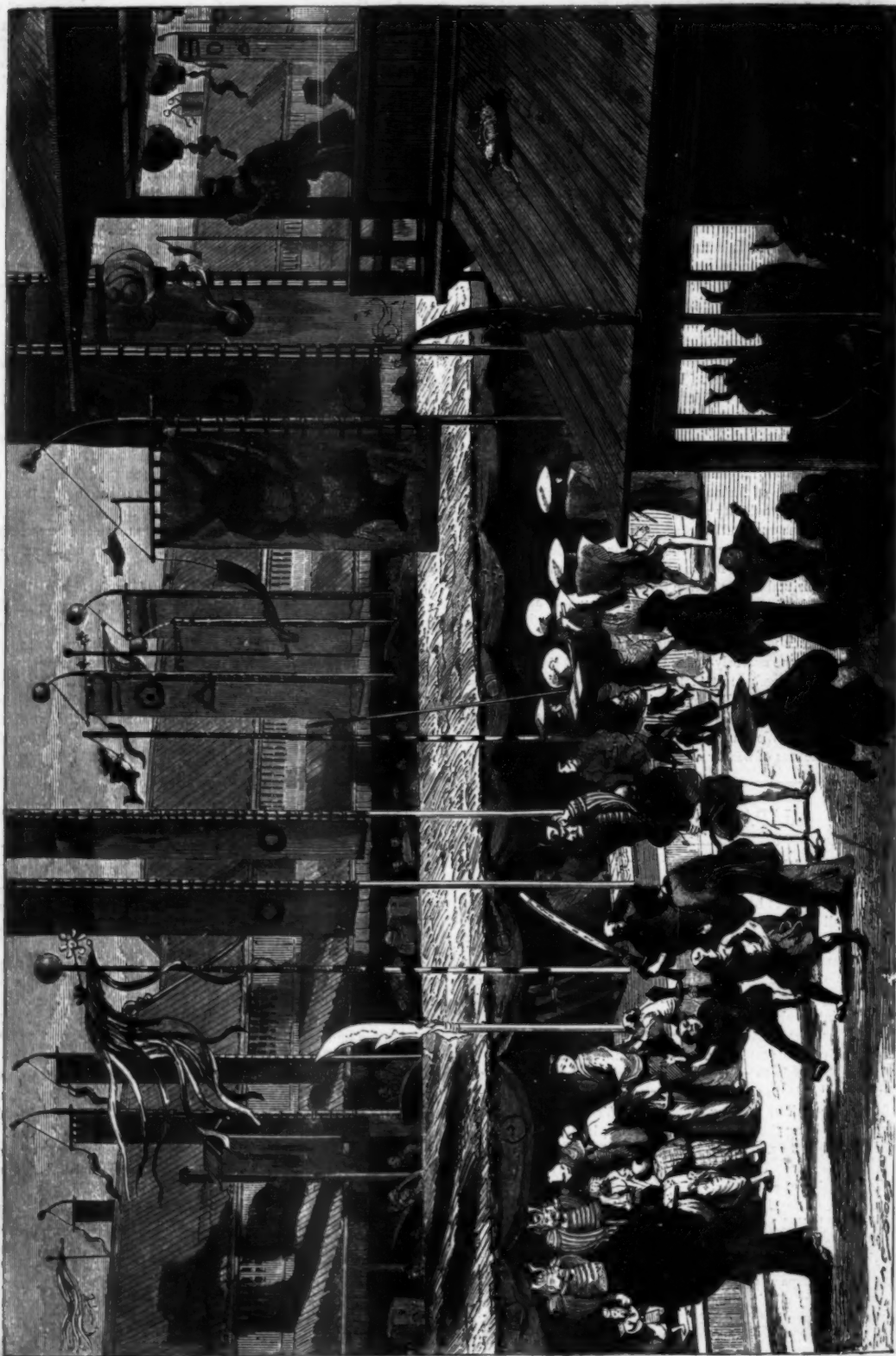
Among the *fêtes* of the fourth month is that of the baptism of *Buddha*, which takes place on the eighth day. On this occasion the god is represented as he is at his birth, standing, pointing to heaven with one hand, and to earth with the other. Not only do the pious sprinkle holy tea over the bronze image of the sacred infant, exposed over the baptismal font of the temples of his religion, but the *caskeis* of the *bonzeries* run through the city, carrying his statuette, secured to the centre of a tub, in order that the same ceremony may be repeated from house to house.

The *fêtes* of the sixth month have reference to the harvest of the cereals—rice, wheat, millet, or paddy, etc. The priests bless little square pieces of white paper, fixed to wooden pegs a few inches in length, which cultivators of the soil buy and place at the corners of their fields, believing that these mystic amulets are indispensable to give fecundity to the soil.

This season of the year is for the citizen of Jeddo a time of general public merry-makings, which, for the most part, take place on the banks of the *Semida-gawa* or in the gardens of *Odgi*. These amusements are continued until the last day of the month, a day of universal expiation and purification.

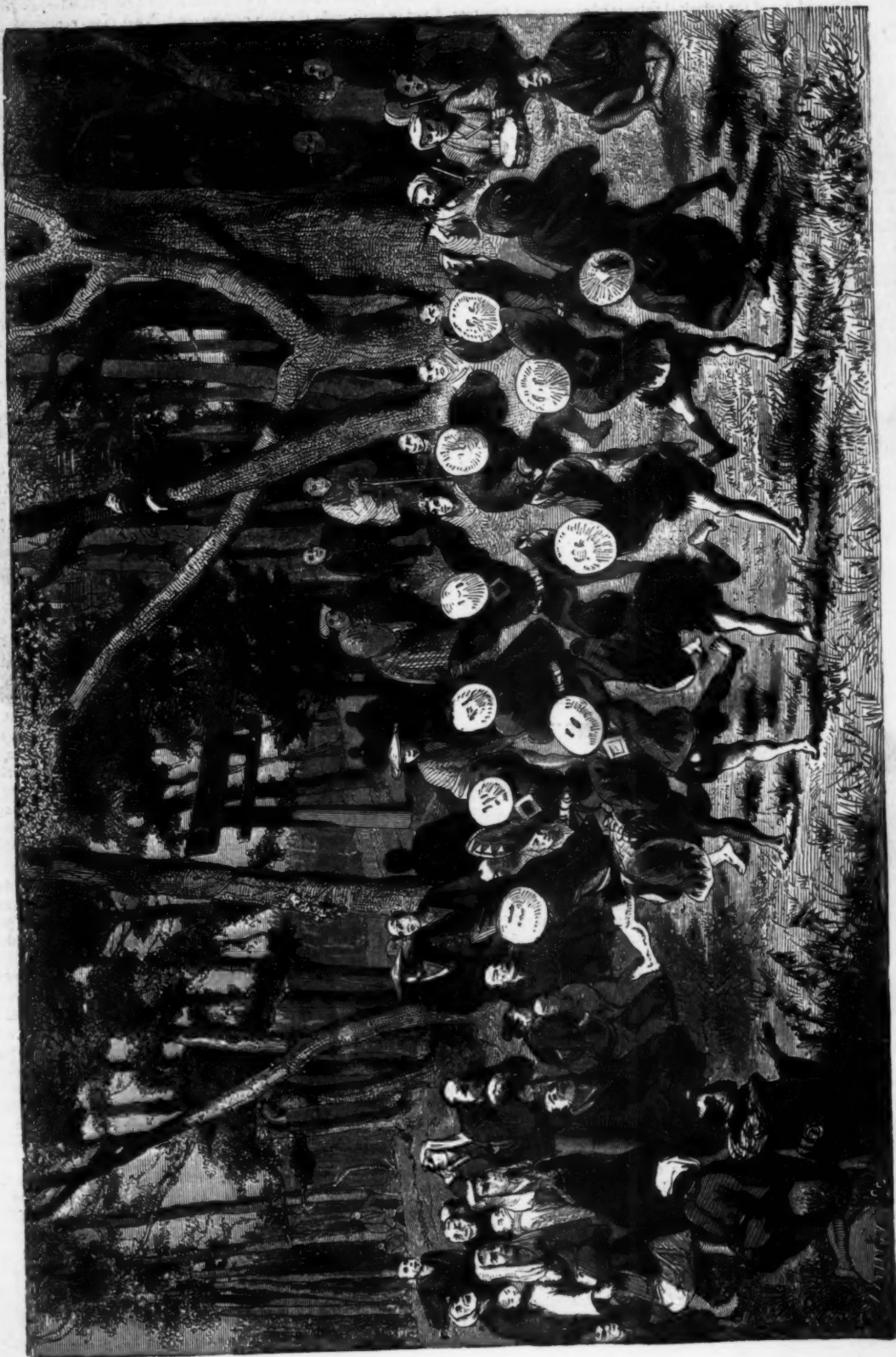
The God of the Water, an ancient divinity, is *fêted*, from one end of the empire to the other, during the entire seventh month, which comprises nearly all the rainy season. Tall stalks of bamboo, ornamented with their upper branches, little glass bells, and bands of holy paper, are raised near the springs, wells, and canals of irrigation. On these stalks, every morning and evening, at the sound of the gongs of the *bonzeries*, they raise, here and there, banners bearing the inscription, "Respect and homage to the God of Water!" In the habitations of the country people, the members of the family bring to the altar raised in honor of *Kami* offerings of rice, fish, and small coin.

The eighth month opens with a tedious exchange of civilities between employers and employés, subalterns and their superiors, etc. The fifteenth of the month is dedicated to the god of the moon. The Japanese say that it is then our satellite shines most brilliantly. The rivers and canals are covered with gondolas, whose occupants find their chief pleasure in contemplating the full moon.



JAPANESE FESTIVAL OF THE BANNERS.





JAPANESE RICE DANCE.

The tenth month is devoted to Yebis, who is at once the god of the fisheries, and one of the principal patrons of commerce. The merchants evince their piety by making presents, among which figure prominently millet-cakes, and a large red fish, called *tsai*, much esteemed in Japanese festivals for the delicacy of its flesh and its beautiful appearance.

The ladies of the city are not less diligent in performing the duties their social position imposes upon them. Like good neighbors, they make one another visits, but do not allow the interchange of civilities to prevent their burning a few tapers before the image of Yebis, for the prosperity of their husbands' commercial enterprises. At an early hour in the morning they may be seen wending their way in groups to this or that *bonsery*, which has reserved in its sanctuary an altar, modest though it may be, to the god that, more than any other, has the privilege of receiving the homages of the citizens. They go in the habit of a pilgrim, the head bonneted with a cotton handkerchief of marvellous whiteness, artistically arranged over their luxuriant tresses.

Toward the middle of the month, every one is morally bound to observe, and to communicate to his neighbor, the fact that the leaves of the palmated maple begin to change their color.

At the beginning of the eleventh month, the maple is in all the magnificence of its autumn robes. Crowds of the curious unite to admire it in the gardens of the *bonseries* and the tea-houses.

The winter solstice is a time of general felicitations; it is the fête of the married women. No affair, however important, no commercial negotiation, or any business matter whatever, is allowed to keep the husband from the conjugal roof on this occasion. They return to their homes from every direction. In the evening the city is illuminated, and in every house may be heard accents of general rejoicing.

The fifteenth of the month is called the "Crossing of the River," on account of the religious and domestic solemnities celebrated on that day, that symbolize the flight of Time and the transition to the new year.

Finally, with the twelfth month, the Japanese enter into such a grand bustle of affairs, settlements, liquidations, moving, repairing of furniture, and such a succession of ceremonies, formalities, fêtes, and merry-makings, that the four or five weeks of the end of January and the beginning of February offer sufficient material for a volume.

## MATRIMONIAL SUPERSTITIONS.

IN olden days, June was held the most propitious month in the twelve for marriage, a happy result being rendered doubly certain if the ceremony was timed so as to take place at the full moon, or when the sun and moon were in conjunction. But in these later days May is a favorite marrying month in England, so that one matrimonial superstition has gone the way all such fancies are doomed, sooner or later, to go; for May used to be as much avoided by persons about to marry as June was favored, that merry month being supposed to be specially under the influence of malignant spirits delighting in domestic discord. "The girls are all stark naught that wed in May," is the verdict of one old saw; another declares—

"From the marriages in May  
All the bairns die and decay;"

a third pronounces, "Who marries between the sickle and the scythe will never thrive;" while a poet, complimenting the month at the expense of what should be the ruling passion in marriage-minded folks, sings:

"May never was the month of Love,  
For May is full of flowers;  
But rather April, wet but kind,  
For Love is full of showers!"

But if old sayings ruled the world, there would be no marrying at all, for a very old one avers that no man enters the holy state without repenting his rashness before the year is out; unless, indeed, everybody determined, like the old Norfolk farmer, to cheat the adage by wedding on the 31st of December.

In times gone by, candidates for connubiality were obliged to study times and seasons. The Church would not allow them to marry just when they felt inclined. "Marriage," says the register of Norton, "comes in on the 13th of January, and at Septuagesima Sunday it is out again until Low Sunday, at which time it comes in again, and goes not out till Rogation Sunday; thence it is forbidden until Trinity

Sunday; from thence it is unforbidden till Advent Sunday, and comes not in again until the 13th of January." That those concerned might better remember the rules, somebody put them into rhyme, running thus:

"Advent marriage doth deny,  
But Hilary gives thee liberty:  
Septuagesima says thee nay;  
Eight days from Easter says you may;  
Rogation bids thee to contain,  
But Trinity sets thee free again."

It was considered improper to marry upon Innocent's Day, because it commemorated the slaughter of the children by Herod; and it was equally wrong to wed upon St. Joseph's Day. In fact, the whole season of Lent was declared sacred from the intrusion of Hyman's devotees. "Marry in Lent, and you'll repent!" and there are good people among us still who, if they do not believe that bit of proverbial wisdom to be prophetic, undoubtedly think Lenten wedders deserve to find it so.

We may possibly be doing a service to some of our readers by informing them (on the authority of a manuscript of the fifteenth century, quoted in "The Book of Days") that there are just thirty-two days in the year upon which it is unadvisable to go into join-hand—namely, seven in January; three each in February, March, May, and December; two each in April, June, July, August, September, and November; and one in October; so that January is the worst, and October the best month for committing matrimony; the actual unlucky days being these: January 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, 15th; February 6th, 7th, 18th; March 1st, 6th, 8th; April 6th, 11th; May 5th, 6th, 7th; June 7th, 15th; July 5th, 19th; August 15th, 19th; September 6th, 7th; October 6th; November 15th, 16th; and December 15th, 16th, 17th. As to which is the best day of the week, why—

"Monday for wealth;  
Tuesday for health;  
Wednesday the best day of all;  
Thursday for crosses;  
Friday for losses;  
Saturday no luck at all."

Friday is generally considered an unlucky day in England; but in France the country lasses look upon the first Friday in the month as peculiarly favorable, if not for the actual ceremony, at least for determining who will be one of the principal actors in it. Before getting into bed, the curious damsel raises one leg, and plants it against the foot of the bed, hoping by this simple action to induce the patron of bachelors, good St. Nicholas, to show her in her sleep the counterfeit presentment of her destined husband.

Young ladies should abstain from listening to any one whose surname begins with the same letter as their own:

"To change the name and not the letter,  
Is a change for the worse and not for the better;"

and they would do well to take the precaution of placing their initials in conjunction with those of any admirer they incline to favor, and ask, like Malvolio: "What should that alphabetical position portend?" for if, of the united initials, any word can be formed, they may be certain the owners of them will never be happy together.

It is an unhappy omen for a wedding to be put off when the day has once been fixed. In Sweden, it is believed much harm will ensue if a bridegroom stands at the junction of cross-roads, or beside a closed gate, upon his wedding morn. It is a bad sign if the bride fails to shed tears on the happy day, or if she indulges herself by taking a last admiring glance at the looking-glass after her toilet is completed; but she may gratify her vanity without danger if she leaves one hand ungloved until beyond temptation. To meet a priest, dog, cat, lizard, or serpent, on the way to church—to look back, or to mount many steps before gaining the church-door, are alike ominous of future unhappiness; and, according to English north-country notions, it is courting misfortune to marry in green, or while there is an open grave in the church-yard; or to go in at one door and out at another. The weather, too, has a good or bad influence upon affairs; happy is the bride the sun shines on, and, of course, the converse is equally true. Evil portents may scare the happy pair even after the knot has been tied. "When the bridesmaids undress the bride," says Mison, describing the marriage merriments of England, "they must throw away and lose all the pins. Woe to the bride if a single one be left about her; nothing will go right! Woe also to the bridesmaids if they keep one of them, for they will not be married before

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Whitsuntide, or till the Easter following, at soonest!" Where the Scottish custom is followed of the newly-wedded couple being welcomed home by the husband's mother meeting them at the door, and breaking a currant bun over the head of the bride before her foot crosses the threshold, it is thought a very bad omen if the bun be, by any mistake, broken over any head but that to which the honor is due. If a bridal party venture off dry land, they must go up-stream; should they be foolhardy enough to go down the water, either the bride, the bridegroom, or one of the bridesmaids, will infallibly feed the fishes. Spite of the faith in there being luck in odd numbers, it is a belief, in the north of England, that one of the wedding guests will die within a year, unless the party counts even. Another comical idea is, that whichever of the two, bride or bridegroom, goes to sleep first upon the wedding night, that one will be the first to succumb to death.

The only omens we know of tending to encourage adventurers in the great lottery of life, are the meeting of a wolf, spider, or toad, on the way to church, and a cat sneezing within the bride's hearing the day before the wedding; but, fortunately, there are many ways of insuring happy fortune. In the Highlands of Scotland, the malicious influence of warlocks and witches used to be kept at bay by preventing any unlucky dog passing between the couple on their road to church, and by taking care the bridegroom's left shoe bore no latchet and buckle. By using gray horses in the bridal carriage, the same good purpose is effected. Swedish bridegrooms sew garlic, chives, and rosemary in their wedding garments, to frustrate the evil designs of the trolls and sprites; and the attendants on the lady carry bouquets of the same herbs in their hands; while the bride herself fills her pockets with bread, which she dispenses to any poor wayfarers she spies as she goes to church, every piece she gets rid of averting a misfortune; the gift, however, is of no use to the receiver, since, if he eats it, he thereby brings the misfortune upon his own head. Manxmen find a pocketful of salt equally efficacious. The brides of Elba go bareheaded to church; and, while the ceremony is proceeding, the happy man puts his knee upon the bride's dress, preventing evil spirits putting in their undesired presence, and whispering words in the bride's ear which would render the priest's prayer for fertility utterly inoperative. Women married at Jarrow need no prayers to make them joyful mothers of many children, that end being attained by sitting themselves down in the chair of the Venerable Bede as soon as the parson has done his part. In some parts of England, good luck is supposed to be insured by a friend making a hen cackle in the house of the wedded pair. In China they have a curious ceremony, believed to be a never-failing means of making a marriage turn out well for the lady. When she has taken her place in the sedan in which she is to be carried to her future home, her father and mother, or other near relatives, hold a bedquilt up by its four corners in front of the bridal chair. Into this, one of the bride's female cronies tosses, one by one, four bread-cakes (the gift of the bridegroom's family), sending them up high in air; while the lady most concerned in the matter repeats without ceasing certain sentences invoking happiness upon herself and spouse, to which the company assembled respond with the Chinese equivalent for "Amen."

The Cornish well of St. Keyne possesses

'The quality—that man and wife,  
Whose chance or choice attains,  
First of this sacred stream to drink,  
Thereby the mastery gains;'

but, in Sweden, the damsel ambitious of ruling her lord as well as his house, can attain her wish by merely contriving to see him on the bridal morning before he sees her; or, failing in this, she has yet another chance at the last moment, by putting her right foot before that of the man when they approach the altar.

The lately-revived custom of throwing shoes after a newly-wedded couple for luck, is a very old one. In the Isle of Man, the shoe is thrown after bride and bridegroom as they leave their respective abodes; but the ceremony is generally performed elsewhere, upon the departure of the hero and heroine of the day for the honeymoon trip. In some parts of Kent, the shoe-throwing does not take place until after they have gone; when the single ladies range themselves in one line, and the bachelors range themselves in another. An old shoe is then thrown as far as the thrower's strength permits, and the ladies race after it, the winner being rewarded by the assurance that she will be married before any of her rivals. She then throws the

shoe at the gentlemen, the one she hits laying the same pleasing unction to his heart. Something like this is practised too in Yorkshire and Scotland. In Germany it used to be the rule for the bride, as she was being conducted to her chamber, to take off her shoe and throw it among the guests, who battled for its possession, the successful he or she being held destined to be speedily married and settled. In England, the bride, from between the sheets, threw her left stocking over the shoulder of one of the company, the person upon whom it fell being marked out as the next individual to be married. In some places, the threshold is kept warm for another bride by pouring a kettleful of hot water down the door-step as soon as the bride and bridegroom have taken their departure; the fancy being, that before the water dries up, another match will be made up, or "flow on," and that it will not be very long before another wedded couple passes over the same ground. In Prussia, the method adopted of invoking blessings on a newly-married pair used to be the more expensive one of smashing crockery against the door of the house in which they were domiciled.

The breaking of a wedding-ring is an omen that its wearer will soon be a widow. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* found this fancy current in Essex a few years ago. A man had been murdered in that county, and his widow said: "I thought I should soon lose him, for I broke my wedding-ring the other day; and my sister too lost her husband after breaking her ring. It is a sure sign!" Such superstitious notions are far more prevalent than one would suppose, and the school-master will have to work hard and long before they are entirely eradicated in England.

## AN HOUR WITH BISHOP DUPANLOUP.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ON the morning of December 5, 1870, the Prussian flag waved from the Cathedral of Orleans, and at noon we drove into the "City of the Maid." I entered it with the firm resolve to institute a search for the whereabouts of a highly-respected colleague, Dr. Kayssler, general correspondent of the Berlin papers at the grand headquarters. This gentleman had arrived in Orleans on the day before General von der Tann's evacuation of the city, and, remaining behind, had been made a prisoner of war and had disappeared. Orders had come from Versailles to search for him in Orleans. Unfortunately, the inquiries set on foot by the Prussian commandant had but a poor result: from his captivity in Orleans, Kayssler had written one letter to his friend, Dr. Alexis Schmidt, and since then every trace of him was lost. Among the persons who took an interest in the fate of the German journalist, Bishop Dupanloup was also mentioned to me. To him I determined to address myself, with a view to learn more of the missing man; but, certain circumstances preventing, I could not carry my purpose into effect during our first stay at Orleans, from the 5th to the 12th of December, and did not, therefore, write to the bishop respecting the matter until we had returned from our week's jaunt to the south, and the French Army of the Loire had changed its northerly direction toward Paris for a westerly one. On the following day I received an invitation to visit the bishop, if convenient, between the hours of five and seven.

The bishop's residence lies right behind the cathedral. Passing through a stately gate-way you enter a large court, the entire depth of which is taken up by the bishop's mansion. Over the gate-way shine the arms of the bishopric of Orleans, and under them hung a French flag, another with the emblem of the Genevan Convention, and in the centre a large Prussian banner, indicating the presence of French and Prussian wounded in the mansion, on which account, a guard being also posted at the gate-way, this had occasioned the report that the bishop was detained a prisoner in his dwelling by the Prussians. To the right of the gate-way is the dwelling of the steward. I rang the bell and inquired the way to the apartments of monseigneur. The steward seemed to have been apprised of my visit, and prepared to conduct me. As I was about advancing toward the entrance to the palatial main building, which differs in nothing from all structures of the kind, the steward pointed to the left, and excused himself for not conducting me up the great staircase and through the reception-rooms. These, he said, were fitted up for the wounded, and he should have to show me the way to monseigneur's apartments by a side entrance. We crossed several small yards, in which Prussian soldiers were split-



ting wood, entered a wing of the building by a plain-looking door, and ascended a tolerably broad staircase, at the upper end of which my conductor opened a long, narrow antechamber, bidding me enter. The apartment into which I was shown was furnished in rather a plain manner; on either side stood a row of chairs, on the walls hung water-color paintings and framed drawings, probably the productions of noble and pious female *dilettanti* and penitents of the bishop, who is the friend, adviser, and spiritual father of the French legitimist nobility. From all parts of the country, and not even of France alone but also of England, come the fair and noble penitents to leave with him their scruples of conscience; in Orleans there is a colony of Catholic English of high station, and very often, too, the bishop is summoned to Paris to perform spiritual offices.

While looking at these pictures, I heard the steward speaking in a low tone to some one on the outside of the door; but I could distinguish only the words "*Le Prussien!*" spoken in a tone of mingled anxiety and surprise. The long Prussian military cloak and the Prussian infantry-cap, which I wear during the winter campaign, must have caused the speaker to recognize me. Who knows for what an important personage the old servant, alarmed for his spiritual master, may have taken me! The next moment a young abbé entered, glided noiselessly along the carpeted floor, and, opening an apartment lying to the left of the antechamber, requested me to enter, with the remark that monseigneur would presently make his appearance.

Apparently this was the bishop's study. It was a large, square room, very high, and containing two windows, which fronted upon the court. The walls were covered with dark hangings; the wall opposite to the windows was occupied, from the floor to the ceiling, by a library. On the wall to the left of the windows hung framed engravings; the middle of the opposite one was occupied by the large marble mantel, upon whose shelf stood a clock in the style of Louis XVI.; the mirror's place was supplied by a large crucifix; another hung on the wall between the two windows, and under this was a *pride-dieu*. To the right of the window stood a large writing-desk, with a small arm-chair, covered with gray leather; at this the bishop appeared to be working, while at another, placed at a little distance from the book-shelves, sat the secretaries, of whom he has no less than six. The bishop's correspondence extends, as was told me, over the whole Catholic world, which means more than the whole civilized world. His activity is unceasing—very frequently he dictates to several secretaries at once; it is his custom to rise at four o'clock in the morning, and to retire to bed at nine in the evening, from which latter habit nothing can divert him, neither company at another nor at his own house. He visits only the prefect and the first president of the Court of Cassation; on Sundays he receives at his own mansion the society of the city. In order to enjoy his company for a longer time (it being known that he retires the moment the clock strikes nine), they assemble as early as seven, and nowhere in Orleans are more people and better society seen than at monseigneur's receptions. But the people of Orleans hold their bishop in high esteem, and, indeed, the influence exerted by him upon the moral spirit of the population is unmistakable. An almost German modesty and severity reigns in the families there; and nowhere in France have Parisian life and manners excited greater disgust than in Orleans.

"Your lines meet my wish to learn something more of Dr. Kayasler, and I bid you welcome, sir."

It was a soft, somewhat high, but musical voice which I heard; a tall and venerable old man stood before me, clad in a violet-colored *soutane*, with a cape of the same color reaching to his waist. From beneath the little black cap covering his head fell his snow-white hair; his face had much color, and the lower part of it, the round chin, the pleasantly-formed mouth, contrasted remarkably with the sharply-cut nose and the vivacious, fiery eyes. Around his neck he wore the black, white-bordered band peculiar to the Gallican clergy, upon his breast the bishop's golden cross—his whole appearance, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, the type of a prince of the Church.

With a graceful gesture he bade me take a seat in one of the *fauteuils* before the mantel. I did so; he seated himself opposite to me, and then requested me to place my feet upon the fender. I begged his pardon, if in the course of our interview I should be found not to speak the French language with that elegance which such a mind as his was justified in demanding.

"A person who can write French as well as you have done in your note, and who can beg pardon so cleverly, can speak French, too."

"The latter is even easier than writing, monseigneur. In the composition of my note to monseigneur, I was assisted by the landlord with whom I am quartered."

The bishop laughed. He now proceeded to tell me all he knew regarding Dr. Kayasler, speaking of him as a gentleman whose acquaintance he had made with the liveliest pleasure, and for whose abilities and character he entertained the highest respect. The doctor, he said, had been betrayed into the hands of the French by his landlady on the day after Von der Tann's departure, and he had immediately done all in his power to secure his release, writing to the government at Tours for that purpose. Dupanloup succeeded in obtaining a letter of safe-conduct for another prisoner, who took Dr. Kayasler under his protection. Since their departure from Orleans, he had heard nothing of the doctor. He again offered to do all for the prisoner that his position and influence rendered possible; yes, he would even write to Gambetta. Upon my expressing a belief that the doctor was confined at Hyères, the bishop instantly declared his readiness to write to the parish priest of Hyères, to a female acquaintance of his at Pau, and also to Père Gentry, and desire them to make inquiries. To the Bishop of Tours he would also write. As there was no safe way of transmitting the letters, however, I said that I would take care they reached their destination if he would have the kindness to send them to me in unsealed envelopes, as the law directed. By so doing, I added, he would earn the gratitude of all my colleagues of the press for his extraordinary kindness.

"Very well," he said, "I will send you the letters this very evening. Oh, how difficult and complicated all this is now! Into what a terrible state have we fallen! What will become of poor France?"

"The country will certainly not remain a republic," I observed, and availed myself of the opportunity to give him a brief description of the feeling I had met, during our week's trip, in the villages and towns south of Orleans—a state of feeling any thing but friendly to the republic, and decidedly hostile to M. Gambetta. It were an offence against what is due to so eminent a public personage, did I repeat here his views and expressions; the kind reader must content himself with being informed that his manner became every moment more animated and excited, one thought pressed upon the other, deduction chased deduction, philosophical propositions and historical facts crowded one another, but all had been grasped with an original mind; all was reproduced in the most perfect form—mouth, eyes, and hands, speaking. In spite of his sixty-eight years, he grew young again, and his speech took such enthusiastic flights that I was admiringly silent; and here, in a simple conversation by the fireplace, I comprehended the immense power exerted by this man as a pulpit-orator upon the people, and why they flocked to his sermons as well now in Orleans as also formerly when he was only *cure* of St. Roche in Paris. It is not the religious element alone which produces this overmastering effect, but its being blended with the national. Dupanloup, together with his three great friends Montalembert, Lammenais, and Lacordaire, belongs to a shade of the Roman Catholic Church professing a liberal Catholicism, or, more properly expressed, a national one, and whose first tenet is, "*First a Frenchman, and then a priest!*"

There is a great national mobility and sprightliness in this man, an incessant working of the thoughts, and especially of the imagination. On Christmas-day, I saw him in the repurified cathedral, sitting upon his throne in his golden sacerdotal robes, and surrounded by the splendor and nimbus of the Catholic ritual. This being compelled to sit quietly in one place during the monotonous vespers did not seem at all to his taste; he was constantly moving about on his seat, tugging at his robes, as if they were too heavy and uncomfortable for him, and he even looked about several times. To all appearance, his thoughts were anywhere but with the vespers at the Cathedral of Orleans, for which I am very far from blaming him. These songs are too cold and unimpressive—a movement of the lungs, but not a quickening of the religious spirit. The impression was quite a different one when, attended by the clergy, the mitred bishop mounted with his staff the stairs leading to the high altar and greeted the faithful. With large, sure steps he led the way, and the impression he made upon you was that of a prince of the Church wearing an armor beneath his priestly robes. It is not to be denied that there is something militant about the bishop, which, too, is expressed in his letter to the lower clergy on the occasion of the festival of Saint-Aignan. Aignan, it will be remembered, was the second bishop of Orleans, the same who, on the approach of the Huns, secured the aid of Aëtius, and, by his eloquence and example,

inspired the already despondent inhabitants of Orleans with fresh courage and redoubled power of resistance. On reading this letter (which is in reality addressed to the whole of France), we get the picture of a priest marching fanatically before his warriors, cross in hand; we feel how the writer, driven by his glowing, patriotic heart and bold imagination, identifies himself with the second Bishop of Orleans, the Army of the Loire with the rescuing hosts of Aëtius, and the commander of the Second German army with—Attila!

"I know," he said, "that the Prussians have frequently reproached me with this letter. But have I insulted the army, the Prussian nation—can any invective be shown?"

"No, monseigneur, there cannot; but the whole letter is a declaration against us."

"Great offence has been taken at one expression of which I made use, namely, 'wild hordes.'"

"Not that I know, and pardon me, monseigneur, for doubting it, too. People take offence only when they are hurt."

"If you have read the letter, you will, indeed, find such an expression; but it is not I who use it. It occurs in a quotation that I employed from Gregory of Tours, the father of our national history, as you know."

To which I might have replied that this method of argumentation is a very hazardous one, since what else is the object of a quotation but to substitute another's words, another's opinion, for one's own, with a view to giving the latter greater strength? Quotations are words which we appropriate and by which we are represented. But I did not say this. The bishop was friendly and accommodating toward me, and it is not the usual way to return discourtesy for kindness. If in the course of our conversation I had answered several arguments, it was done to maintain our national stand-point, and this caused me, also, to remark to the bishop that the danger in respect to his letter lay not in the opposition it displayed toward us, but in his having inflamed the hearts of his countrymen to resistance, and his having excited in them hopes incapable of fulfilment.

"That was my duty as a Frenchman. Oh, I cursed the war, but when the people rose after the defeat of the imperial army, could I have done otherwise than strengthen their spirits with hope? Why should I not give expression to the belief that Saint-Aignan, that the Virgin, could assist and lead us to victory?"

"I made mention of her in my first letter."

"I have read it, monseigneur, and also the words which monseigneur has given his people for a consolation: 'I do not believe in force, I believe in justice only.' But pardon me, monseigneur, the queen suffered through France, died through France; this sacred shade is our own; those words, too, are ours, and we cannot let them be snatched from us; for the memory of the queen is our vindication and our standard; justice is on our side in this war, and because it is, force is not, but strength. Monseigneur intimates in his first letter that it is military ambition which induced the king to continue the war. No, monseigneur, it is our nation that induced him, and the king and Count Bismarck know this very well, and also know that they can make no peace for Germany but one restoring to the latter Alsace and a part of Lorraine."

To this the bishop made no reply. Perhaps it showed little tact on my part to touch this sensitive spot in the heart of a Frenchman—but I had allowed myself to be carried away—his national animation had proved infectious. With all the art of a man who possesses in the highest degree the gift of speech and social discourse, he passed from this general discussion to persons, speaking in the most respectful terms of the king, and expressing the highest veneration for Queen Augusta.

"I waited upon the queen last year at Coblenz," said he, "and in dignity, grace, intellect, and sense of duty, saw a true queen. I regarded with particular interest her majesty's library, which the queen directed one of her ladies to show me. You Prussians are fortunate, you have a strong government—when shall we reach that point? Ever since 1789 we have not been able to free ourselves from revolutions, and these incessant shocks cause the want of social restraint from which France is suffering. Poor France! Peace—peace—peace! Why did they not accept the armistice at Versailles?"

"Your hopes, monseigneur, are turned to the Virgin: the female ideal to whom we raise our hearts and thoughts in this war is Queen Louise."

"Probably, monseigneur, because it offered the French greater advantages than it did us."

"That is your way of looking at it—Thiers had another; he is an old friend of mine, and visited me on his way from Tours to Versailles. He represented the matter differently to me. I believe that different conditions would have been made by you, could you have known that Paris possesses so great a supply of provisions. And yet it is my conviction that our present government, and above all Trochu, would be disposed to treat, if the sentiment of the country were known to them, especially that of the provinces devastated by the war. But who shall tell them of it? Count Moltke, it is true, tried something of the kind, but then he is on the hostile side; it would have to be some one who possesses the confidence of our country. Ah, this is mere wishing, and yet we all stand in such need of peace!"

This ended the audience; it was now six o'clock. With extraordinary amiability the bishop accompanied me to the farther door of the antechamber, and that very evening I received the promised letters.

## MY HOUSE AT BIENVENUE.

IN my house at Bienvenue,  
Pleasant passed the days—  
So blissfully we scarcely knew  
We walked such happy ways.

Ah! here Hope's golden seed was sown,  
And blossomed with all grace;  
The sun—he could not bear to frown  
Upon the quiet place.

'Twas built so many years ago,  
The house is old and quaint,  
And yet about it spreads a glow  
Like halo round a saint.

Above the casements roses weave  
A net-work light and fair;  
The open doors, from morn till eve,  
Let in the scented air.

The sloping lawn, the shadowy grove,  
Were grateful things to see;  
And our two hearts, so full of love—  
We could but happy be.

Those summer-evenings, so soft and calm,  
Reach far into the night,  
And swathe us in sweet clover-balm  
And gold-and-purple light.

We watch the dying of the day,  
My head upon her lap—  
So still, we hear, across the bay,  
The far drum's muffled tap.

What heaven of comfort in the hands  
She presses on my head!  
I pass into the misty lands,  
And dream that I am dead,

And that an angel watches me—  
And feel that I am glad  
Beside the shore where breaks no sea,  
And souls are never sad.

HENRY GILMAN.

## TABLE-TALK.

WE recollect reading, many years ago, a story, written by a lady of Philadelphia, the moral of which turned upon the New-York dining-rooms. According to the story, a cultivated and wealthy son of the Quaker City had fallen in love with and married a daughter of one of the Knickerbockers. The hero and heroine were young, were endowed with excellent qualities of heart and mind, were very fond of each other—and yet the demon of discord entered their household, and for a time threatened their permanent peace and welfare. The master of the house liked the Philadelphia fashion of a dining-room on the parlor floor; but the wife was so enamoured of the New-York method of using the basement floor for the purpose that she insisted upon converting their Philadelphia house into a New-York "high-stoop, basement-story" domicile. The master of the house objected. He did not like the half-lighted, gloomy, semi-cellar dining-room of the New-York pattern, and argued that the Philadelphia mode gave a more cheerful room. But the lady of the house was wedded to the ways of her fathers. She thought a basement dining-room more convenient than any other, and quite as pleasant. From this difference of opinion arose many bickerings, and finally a temporary estrangement. But these details we are not concerned to follow. The story is interesting to recall because it touches upon what is really a great defect in our New-York households. Whence arises the notion that any room in a house, provided it is conveniently near the kitchen, will do to eat in? Inasmuch as breakfasting and dining are the two occasions that specially assemble all the members of the household together, there is every reason in this fact alone that these reunions should be under cheerful and agreeable conditions. A breakfast ought to be something delightful. Through broad windows, the sun should enter, with all the pomp and splendor of his morning glory. The furniture of the room should be pleasing in form and color. In winter, a cheerful blaze in an open grate should give lustre and charm to the apartment. Bright breakfast-rooms promote cheerfulness in the social circle, stimulate talk, and thereby aid digestion, and are a very great means of bestowing comfort, increasing happiness, and benefiting health. But somehow the idea prevails, that breakfast and dining rooms must always be furnished and set forth in a gloomy fashion. We paint the wood-work in oak; we buy furniture of oak; we cover the walls in some sombre color; we take all the pains we can to render this apartment exceptionally dreary and repulsive. In New York we select a room half underground for the purpose; but everywhere there is a traditional idea that eating is an unpleasant necessity, that must be performed with some show of decency. It is true, but one that requires no particular attention as regards enlivening surroundings. Our family circles would gain in felicity no little if an entire change in the current notion on this subject should come about. The model dining-room should have a southerly or easterly

exposure; it should be furnished almost gayly, certainly brightly; it should have an air of complete refinement; and the table itself, in its tasteful articles and inviting arrangement, should contribute to that atmosphere of quiet joyousness which is so desirable, and which would go so far to render the morning and evening board an occasion of cheer and delight. Some of the later style of New-York houses are a great improvement on the old ones in the location of this important room; but, as a rule, the whole conception of dining-apartments needs reforming. Set forth your meals, *mesdames*, with every possible condition of elegance, attractiveness, and cheer, and you will thereby gain a new hold upon the admiration and affections of your husbands and sons.

— Mr. Harrison Weir, in the graphic drawing we present on the first page, has most successfully pointed a moral for which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will thank him. The sport of pigeon-shooting, if it may be called a sport, seems a mockery, indeed, when the suffering of its victims are brought so closely home to us. The poor birds, as we see them in Mr. Weir's illustration, left to die in heaps, mangled, mutilated, with backs broken, limbs fractured, flesh torn, and every nerve quivering with pain, may well excite the commiseration of every humane being. Pigeon-matches, which have been so popular and fashionable in England, have recently been gaining ground with us. It is scarcely a fashionable sport yet, but we are usually not long in adopting whatever amusement finds favor abroad. In this case, it is a pity it is so. We could wish that Mr. Bergh's earnest protest against the "sport" last summer had been heeded. It was then feared, by a number of persons preparing for a match of unusual magnitude, that Mr. Bergh's society would interfere and prevent the contest. Hence he was waited upon by gentlemen concerned in the matter, and asked what he intended to do. Mr. Bergh consented not to interpose his authority, but took occasion to express his detestation of an amusement derived from the pain and suffering of harmless birds. The great match came off, regardless of the humane sentiments of those who opposed it; but, in this instance, at least, no such scene occurred as that depicted by Mr. Weir. Mr. Bergh dispatched members of his society to the spot, with directions to look after the wounded birds, and to kill at once all that were in agony. It is sometimes urged in defence of pigeon-matches that the design is to cultivate skill in shooting; but surely this can be obtained without subjecting innocent creatures to pain and suffering. Skill in shooting can be developed by firing at any sort of mark; but this, possibly, would be dull amusement. To a mere contest of skill must be added, it seems, the excitement of killing, so savage and fierce are our natures, under all the show and pretension of our civilization. In England, we learn, the rage for pigeon-matches among the noble and wealthy has induced the formation of linnet and sparrow shooting clubs by other classes. The demand for victims for the matches has led to such extensive bird-netting all over the country, as to cause an alarming increase of ravenous insects, which small

birds so industriously keep within bounds. This evil, fortunately, will be likely to lead to parliamentary interference, and we may soon see measures taken that will effectually terminate the barbarous sport.

— "The luxury of travel" is the sign that frequently greets the passer-by on our principal thoroughfares. The announcement is the advertisement of the railroad lines, and refers to the sumptuous drawing-room cars that are now connected with through-trains upon almost every road. These cars are, indeed, sumptuous; but travel, in order to be truly luxurious, or even comfortable, demands improvements upon the tracks as well as in the vehicles. Think of the dust that in summer-days becomes so fearful an infliction to the traveller, and which no means are taken to allay! Unless our railroad managers can devise a way to prevent dust, either by sowing the road-side with grass, by watering the track, or by some process gathering up the dust and discharging it in the rear of the train, their "luxury" is a delusion and a snare. A traveller blinded with dust, choked with dust, deaf with dust, and begrimed with dust, is likely to laugh at the notion of "the luxury of travel." And then there is the intense heat of summer-days, which often renders car-travelling an agony. If the road-sides were planted with trees, and the track thereby shaded, this improvement would contribute one important item to the welfare of travellers. If the time ever comes when splendid drawing-room cars, provided with every essential of comfort, shall dart over tracks properly laid, under umbrageous trees, with a grassy or dustless road-way, then "the luxury of travel" will be a completed fact.

— The word comes from all the sea-coast resorts that a brilliant vacation season may be expected this year. The shores that have been lonely so long will soon now glory in the youth and the beauty of fair visitors, and Gayety will resume her reign over the rocks and the sands and the waves. It is not difficult to fancy the Dryads and the Naiads rejoicing at the change. Even the ancient sea, which all the winter months has beat its dull, sad refrain on the beach, must curl now its white locks in graceful and joyous anticipation. What longing it must feel in its dreary loneliness for the merriment of the summer sea-bathers! and how it must love the laughing girls and stalwart youths that come down to sport in its old arms! Is Nature insensible to the human affections that are offered to it? Cannot the mountains feel a responsive pride in our delight at their stately majesty? Have the woods no kindly sympathy with our rapt pleasure in their ancient shades? Does the sea really feel no tender glow as it tosses too and fro the young beauties from the towns? It would seem as if the mountains and the woods and the sea stood waiting with earnest welcome for us, and that, eagerly as the heart of youth pants for the days of pleasure that summer brings, Nature, too, in the great largeness of its antique soul, opens wide its bosom to the pulse of human feeling. Possibly our coming rural pleasures will gain a little flavor by giving room to the thought. It would do us no ill to

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transfer to Nature something of the old Greek personality—much good, indeed, if we found that true voice of Nature which gives "books in running brooks," and poems in all its many phases of being.

—Referring some weeks since to the gilded and ornamental iron front of the new Appleton Building on Broadway, we predicted a revolution in the architecture of that street. The beginning of this change is already apparent. One fine new building in Bond Street, within a few steps of Broadway, has largely bettered the instruction of the Appleton example, and astonishes every beholder with its polychromatic glories. Other buildings on Broadway have caught up the notion, and gilding in architecture promises to be an established feature of our metropolitan streets. Broadway, indeed, may be long won for itself a new title, and come to be known as the "Rue Dorée."

## Correspondence.

### Lotus-plants.

NEW YORK, May 16, 1871

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

The reference of your correspondent in No. 118 of the JOURNAL to the occurrence of the lotus in Missouri has attracted my attention.

From his very intelligent description, the plant which he admires, I conclude, is the *Nelumbium luteum*, or the Occidental lotus. He will find it described under its above-given botanical name in Professor Gray's "School and Field Botany," and the word lotus in the index. Professor Wood also describes it, but omits lotus from his index.

The Oriental lotus, *Nelumbium speciosum*, is almost exactly like our American species; but its flowers are pink-white, while ours has, as your correspondent says, "creamy" or yellow-white flowers. The shape of the anthers is also somewhat different in the two species.

Paxton says that the cultivation of this pink-flowered species came into Great Britain from India in 1787, and that of our cream-flowered plant in 1810. He mentions three other species: a pink-flowered one, brought from Malabar in 1818; another pink one, from the Caspian Sea, introduced in 1822; and a pale-blue species from Jamaica, in 1824.

It is probable that several species of the closely-related genus *Nymphaea* have also been designated as lotus-plants. All the species of both genera are prominent; many are magnificent water-plants—their petals beautifully colored and often sweetly scented, their seeds and roots more or less edible by man and brute.

Two species of *Nymphaea*, one blue and the other pink, are said to be natives of Egypt; while no *Nelumbium*, so far as I can just now learn, is claimed as coming originally from that country.

Our strongly fragrant and elegant *Nymphaea odorata* is a well-known and highly-prized water-plant, tolerably common in our Eastern States. The larger, *Nymphaea tuberosa*, abounds West and South.

I hope all these plants may come to be designated *lotus-plants*, and not *water-lilies*, since they have no relation whatever to the true lilies, except in their beauty and fragrance.

Some smaller but very interesting plants—the water-shield (*Brasenia*) of our Northern States, and the *Cubomba* of the South—are related to the two genera of lotus-plants. The

former at times exhibits a singular characteristic. Its flower-buds, stems, etc., are often found thickly enclosed by a pellucid, colorless, compacted mucilage, as clear as crystal.

Finally, that gigantic lotus, the *Victoria regia*, with its immense flowers and leaves, one of which may be capable of floating a man, has been the wonder and admiration of plant-lovers since it was brought from Guiana in 1838.

Once more I have to beg that botanists will sternly resist the universal tendency throughout science to *Babelism*, in this, at least, of discouraging the application of similar common or scientific names to wholly dissimilar plants.

There are, to be sure, some water-plants which have a not very distant relation to the lilies; but these lotus-plants, as I have designated the members of the two genera, are not lilies in any even remote sense.

Scientists should remember that the very existence and continuance of science depend on its general popularity. The people at large must be relied upon eventually and ultimately to furnish the material aid without which scientific men, collections, and libraries, cannot be maintained; and they should study, through simplicity, to commend, and not, through complexity, to disgust, the practical people of the world. Above all, they must know how to make their studies acceptable to the youthful recruits who are to be the scientific men and women of the future. Verily, the number of laborers in the fair fields of science is not too great.

J. H.

## Literary Notes.

MR. EDWARD B. TYLOR, author of "Researches into the Early History of Mankind," has just issued from the press of John Murray, of London, "Primitive Culture: Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Art, and Culture." Beginning with an outline of "The Science of Culture," Mr. Tylor proceeds to dwell on "The Development of Culture," attempting "to sketch a theoretical course of civilization among mankind, such as appears on the whole most accordant with the evidence," and to show that "the main tendency of culture from primeval up to modern times has been from savagery toward civilization." Next he treats the subject of "Survival in Culture," showing how that survival, after "placing all along the course of advancing civilization way-marks full of meaning to those who can decipher their signs, even now sets up in our midst primeval monuments of barbaric thought and life." Passing on to the problem of the "Origin of Language," Mr. Tylor deals with the question as to "whether speech took its origin among mankind in the savage state," coming to the conclusion that, "consistently with all known evidence, this may have been the case," just as his examination of the art of counting leads him to assert that "satisfactory evidence proves numeration to have been developed by rational invention from this low stage up to that in which we ourselves possess it." Turning to the subject of mythology, which he has examined from a special point of view, with the desire of "tracing the relation between the myths of savage tribes and their analogues among more civilized nations," Mr. Tylor brings together a mass of evidence in favor of the theory, which he is inclined to adopt, that "the earliest myth-maker arose and flourished among savage hordes, setting on foot an art which his more cultured successors would carry on, till its results came to be fos-

silized in superstition, mistaken for history, shaped and draped in poetry, or cast aside as lying folly;" and then he proceeds "to examine systematically, among the lower races, the development of Animism—that is to say, the doctrine of souls and other spiritual beings in general"—the second volume of his work being mainly occupied with a mass of evidence collected from all quarters of the world, "displaying the nature and meaning of this great element of the philosophy of religion, and tracing its transmission, expansion, restriction, modification, along the course of history into the midst of our modern thought." Last of all comes an attempt "to trace the development of certain prominent rites and ceremonies," treating them as the outward expression and practical result of the innermost powers of religion; but investigating them rather from an ethnographic than a theological point of view.

Dr. William Stroud's treatise on "The Physical Cause of the Death of Christ, and its Relation to the Principles and Practice of Christianity," now first reprinted in this country, has maintained, for the last quarter of a century, a great reputation in England. It is, in its own place, a masterpiece. "It could have been composed," says Dr. Stroud's biographer, "only by a man characterized by a combination of superior endowments. It required, on the one hand, a profound acquaintance with medical subjects and medical literature. It required, on the other, an equally profound acquaintance with the Bible and with theology in general." The object of the treatise is to demonstrate an important physical fact connected with the death of Christ—namely, that it was caused by rupture of the heart—and to point out its relation to the principles and practice of Christianity. "It has always appeared—to my medical mind at least," says Sir James Y. Simpson, in his letter on this subject, "that this view of the mode by which death was produced in the human body of Christ intensifies all our thoughts and ideas regarding the immensity of the astounding sacrifice which He made for our sinful race upon the cross. Nothing can possibly be more striking and startling than the appalling and terrible passiveness with which God as man submitted, for our sakes, His incarnate body to all the horrors and tortures of the crucifixion. But our wonderment at the stupendous sacrifice only increases when we reflect that, while thus enduring for our sins the most cruel and agonizing form of corporeal death, He was ultimately 'slain,' not by the effects of the anguish of His corporeal frame, but by the effects of the mightier anguish of His mind; the fleshy walls of His heart—like the veil, as it were, in the temple of His human body—becoming rent and riven, as for us 'He poured out His soul unto death'—'the travail of His soul' in that awful hour thus standing out as unspeakably bitter and more dreadful than even the travail of His body."

"The Canoness; a Tale in Verse of the Time of the First French Revolution," is a new volume of verse by a new poet, which the English critics are praising. We give two specimens of the poet's style:

"All things a lover praises; hair that lies  
Like down on the white strand  
Over pure brows, and faith in fearless eyes,  
The light wave of the hand.  
The musical clear tones, the manner born  
To gracious thoughts, yet capable of scorn.  
"The nameless charm of life subdued to law,  
Of law that brings new grace,  
Make distance greater while they witch and  
draw;

Light heart and sunny face  
Soften in vain. So perfect is not near.  
O for the little faults that banish fear!"

"There is, we conceive," says the *Spectator*,  
"no little power which can turn from the tenderness and grace of verse of this kind to the strong invective of the following passage:"

"Death, is it only death the spectre we dread may come?  
Fall not darker shadows at times on the poor man's home?  
Come not strange forebodings across us whenever we press  
Bride or daughter in loving arms, lest this be the last caress?  
Lest the pure eyes coyly drooped, the low tones endlessly sweet,  
Eyes that lighten to see us, voice that softens to greet,  
Be but quarry for courtly sport, the prey of the tyrant's lust,  
While we bow the heavy head, and bear as the peasant must!  
Day that our fathers prayed for, when all the wretched should rise,  
Day of combat and victory, is this thy star in the skies?  
Still the darkness is round us, and scarcely who aids us we know,  
Scarcely discern the battle, but grope to close with the foe:  
If we strike a brother to earth, not reading the doubtful sign,  
Brother, who wouldst have died for us, forgive us, the cause is thine.  
If we strike in the flush of wrath when the field is gained and sure,  
Blame not ye who know our past: is the blood that flows so pure?  
Sorely the tavern, the midnight brawl, the vices that stain and sear,  
Have had richer harvest from France than we in our vengeance-year!"

THE AMERICAN ANNUAL CYCLOPEDIA, for 1870, has just appeared. This valuable yearly register has now reached its tenth volume. The issue of the present year is of unusual interest. The portion devoted to the United States gives full details, as we learn from the publishers' prospectus, "of the census, so far as completed; the debates in Congress upon important questions; the details of the internal affairs of the United States, the revenue and expenditures of the Government, the measures taken to reduce the public debt, the modifications of its currency; its fluctuations, the changes in the system of taxation to promote the relief of the people, with its effects upon their industrial interests and prosperity; the banking system, with its expansions and contractions; the fruits of agriculture, and the spread of internal trade and commerce; the proceedings in the Southern States to establish securely their social affairs; the various political conventions of the year, both national and State; the results of elections; the acts of State Legislatures; the surprising extension of the facilities of transportation, especially of railroads, etc. The great events in Europe are also fully presented. The civil, military, commercial, and social condition of each nation, with its population by races, is stated; the irresistible march of the German armies in the heart of France is described day by day, and illustrated with complete maps. The proceedings of the Vatican Council and its suspension, the occupation of Rome, and the organization of the Italian Government in the city, are set forth in details. In a word, the present condition and relations of the various nations of Europe, and their transactions during the past year, are fully related." The progress of science; the movements of religious bodies; the record of literature; the mortality among distinguished men; the doings in art—all

have their complete presentation. The book is an exhaustive record of all transactions and events of the year.

The marriage-contract of the Bride of Lamer-moor, we learn from the London *Athenaeum*, has quite lately been discovered at St. Mary's Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk. It was evidently unknown to Sir Walter Scott when he wrote the novel. Lord Selkirk is the representative of the family of Dunbar, of Baldoon, and has the family papers in his possession. It was in arranging these that accidentally he came upon this contract of marriage. The four signatures are David Dunbar (the bridegroom), Janet Dalrymple (the bride), James Dalrymple (the bride's father), Baldoon (the bridegroom's father). One of the witnesses, James Dalrymple, may have been the bride's brother, who rode behind her to the church, and whose dagger was said to have been used by the bride. A fac-simile has been taken of the document. Judging from this, there is little tremor in the bride's signature. Messrs. Black, we are glad to hear, are going to publish the fac-simile in their Centenary Edition of the Waverley Novels.

A new revised edition of the late Winthrop Sargent's "Life of Major André" has been published by D. Appleton & Co. "This volume," says Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, "is full of attractive and valuable matter, displaying the fruit of rich culture and rare accomplishments." Mr. Sargent has given to the public several important contributions to history. His "Journal of Officers engaged in Braddock's Expedition," from original manuscripts in the British Museum, with an introductory memoir, which was published under the auspices of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, was highly praised by Washington Irving, Winthrop, and others. It is the most accurate and thorough account of the Braddock expedition extant. The "Life of André" has been equally fortunate in receiving the commendation, at home and abroad, of capable critics.

Bicknell's "Village Builder" is a handsome quarto volume, containing a large number of designs for "cottages, villas, suburban residences, farm-houses, stables, carriage-houses, store-fronts, school-houses, churches, and court-houses," all accompanied with plans and elevations, and details as to cost in different sections of the country. Fifty-five plates embellish the volume, which appears to have been prepared with care. To those contemplating building it would be valuable.

About a hundred years ago Mathias Claudius, the German poet, whose hymn on the Rhine is still sung by everybody in the Fatherland, published a small weekly journal called the *Wandebach Messenger*, of which only about three hundred copies were printed. A few years afterward the paper was discontinued, but full sets of it are now to be reprinted, it having been ascertained that not a few of its articles were written by Goethe, Schiller, and Herder.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold is about to publish, in London, under the general title of "The Best of all Good Company," a series of "Days" with eminent authors. He begins next month with "A Day with Charles Dickens," to be followed by "A Day with Lord Lytton," and then, in the centenary month, "A Day with Sir Walter Scott," and so on.

MM. Erekman-Chatrian in their new work, "Histoire d'un Sous-Maitre," which is republished from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, depict

the humiliating position to which public teachers in France are reduced, owing to the local influences of the clergy or of the authorities, and particularly through the meanness of the budget of public instruction.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has in the press a work entitled "The Kembles," consisting of a biography of John Philip Kemble and Mrs. Siddons.

## Miscellany.

### Mr. Darwin's Hypothesis.

IF, in short, in its general application, Mr. Darwin's hypothesis is utterly unsupported by observed facts, it is still more destitute of such support in its application to man. Mr. Darwin himself admits two things: first, that the difference is immense between the highest monkey and the lowest savage; and, secondly, that "this great break in the organic chain cannot be bridged over by any extinct or living species," or, as he again expresses it, that "the connecting links between man and some lower form have not hitherto been discovered." No monkey has been discovered which is even comparable with man; no race of savages, however degraded, can be regarded as on a level with monkeys. If Mr. Darwin's hypothesis were true, it is almost incredible that no evidence should be producible of the existence of ape-like creatures closely allied to man, and showing a tendency to further development. On the other hand, we have the undoubted and recorded experience of at least four thousand years of history, during which many races of man have been subjected to influences the most diversified and the most favorable to the further development of their faculties. After the lapse of that time man remains as distinctly man as he was before, just as all the animals with which he is acquainted have preserved their specific characteristics. It is more than questionable whether his faculties have in any degree improved. He has accumulated knowledge, he has increased the instruments of his thought and action, and his power has thus been augmented. But there is some reason to think, with Plato, that these numerous aids have actually debilitated his natural vigor of body and mind. At all events, it is in glaring contrast with Mr. Darwin's theory of continuous development to observe that the earliest known examples of man's most essential characteristics exhibit his faculties in the greatest perfection ever attained. No poetry surpasses Homer's; no religious sentiment is more sublime than that in the Book of Genesis; no art is more perfect than that of Greece; no specimens of the human form are more beautiful than the models which Greek sculptors have preserved for us. History is a continuous refutation of the theory that faculties are gradually called into existence by circumstances. On the contrary, they seem to start fully formed from the brain of man, and to work out their inherent power for the modification of circumstances. Race after race appears on the scene—the Egyptian, the Jew, the Greek, the Roman, the German, each with some special endowment working, as it were, in its blood with inexhaustible vigor. The endowment is applied in various ways, and its forms are multiplied; but it seems to lose, rather than to gain, in fulness and fervency by the lapse of time and the course of experience. The real problem of life lies in that mysterious fertility, at once so constant and so variable, by which the same nature is constantly reproduced, but by which,

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from time to time, germs of new energy seem developed. The solution of this problem is to be sought, not in Mr. Darwin's facile method of observing superficial resemblances, but in the difficult task of penetrating into hidden differences. It is a problem which will be solved, if at all, not by romances in human and natural history, but by minute investigations with the microscope and in the laboratory.

We wish we could think that these speculations were as innocuous as they are unpractical and unscientific, but it is too probable that, if unchecked, they might exert a very mischievous influence. We abstain from noticing their bearings on religious thought, although it is hard to see how, on Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, it is possible to ascribe to man any other immortality, or any other spiritual existence, than that possessed by the brutes. But, apart from these considerations, if such views as he advances on the nature of the moral sense were generally accepted, it seems evident that morality would lose all elements of stable authority, and the "ever-fixed marks," around which the tempests of human passion now break themselves, would cease to exert their guiding and controlling influence. Mr. Darwin is careful to observe that he does not wish "to maintain that every strictly social animal, if its intellectual and social faculties were to become as active and as highly developed as man, would acquire exactly the same moral sense as ours." If this be the case, why should our existing moral sense be deemed a permanent standard? "If, for instance," says Mr. Darwin, "to take an extreme case, men were reared under precisely the same conditions as hive-bees, there can scarcely be a doubt that our unmarried females would, like the worker-bees, think it a sacred duty to kill their brothers, and mothers would strive to kill their fertile daughters, and no one would think of interfering." What is this but to place every barrier of moral obligation at the mercy of the "conditions of life?" Men, unfortunately, have the power of acting, not according to what is their ultimate social interest, but according to their ideas of it; and, if the doctrine could be impressed on them that right and wrong have no other meaning than the pursuit or the neglect of that ultimate interest, conscience would cease to be a check upon the wildest, or, as Mr. Darwin's own illustration allows us to add, the most murderous revolutions. At a moment when every artificial principle of authority seems undermined, we have no other guarantee for the order and peace of life except in the eternal authority of those elementary principles of duty which are independent of all times and all circumstances. There is much reason to fear that loose philosophy, stimulated by an irrational religion, has done not a little to weaken the force of these principles in France, and that this is, at all events, one potent element in the disorganization of French society. A man incurs a grave responsibility who, with the authority of a well-earned reputation, advances at such a time the disintegrating speculations of this book. He ought to be capable of supporting them by the most conclusive evidence of facts. To put them forward on such incomplete evidence, such cursory investigation, such hypothetical arguments as we have exposed, is more than unscientific—it is reckless.—*From a Review in the London Times.*

#### A Letter from Sherman.

When Sherman, in 1864, was on his march to the sea, a clergyman in Alabama, whose horse had been taken from him by a Michigan soldier early in the war, applied to the general

for restitution, and received the following answer, for a copy of which we are indebted to W. G. Poole, of Tallahassee, Florida:

"HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, ATLANTA, September 16, 1864."

"Rev. J. H. Wyloughby, D. D., Chaplain Eighteenth Alabama Regiment, Confederate Army."

"DEAR SIR: Your letter of September 14th received. I approach a question involving the title to a horse with great deference, for the law of war, that mysterious code of which we talk so much but know so little, is remarkably silent on the 'horse.'"

"He is a beast so tempting to the soldier—to him of the wild cavalry, the fancy artillery, or the patient infantry—that I find more difficulty in recovering a worthless, spavined horse than in paying a million of 'greenbacks.' So I fear I must reduce your claim to one of finance, and refer you to the great Board in Washington that may reach it by the time your grandchild becomes a great-grandfather. Privately, I think it was a shabby trick in the scamp of the Thirty-first Michigan Regiment who took your horse, and the colonel or his brigadier should have restored him, but I cannot afford to undertake to make good the sins of omission of my own colonels or brigadiers, much less those of a former generation."

"When this cruel war is over, and peace once more gives you a parish, I will promise, if near you, to procure out of Uncle Sam's corral a beast that will replace the one taken from you so wrongfully, but now 'tis impossible. We have a big journey before us, and will need all we have—and I fear more, too—so look out when the Yanks are about and hide your beasts, for my experience is that all soldiers are very careless in a search for title. I know General Hardee will confirm this my advice."

"With great respect, yours truly,"

"W. T. SHERMAN,  
Major-General."

#### American Sympathy—German Courtesy.

Among the surgeons of the great military barracks of Sempel Hofer Feld, near Berlin, is Dr. Rankin, from Newburg, New York. Not long ago some ladies of Newburg made up and sent to him a box containing delicacies and articles of comfort for the wounded soldiers of those barracks similar to those sent to our own soldiers during our late civil war. This box and contents were most enthusiastically received, and afforded the highest gratification to the soldiers.

The comfort-bags, each containing, in addition to many articles of utility, a small American flag, were especially prized, and each patient, as he received his flag, fastened it at the head of his bed, so that, to a casual observer, the barracks appeared to contain a group of American rather than German patients. The barracks have been frequently visited by her majesty the empress and her imperial highness the crown-princess, who have been untiring in their devotion, tender sympathies, and practical kindness, to their wounded soldiers. Some of the comfort-bags were more elaborately worked, and fell into the possession of the empress and crown-princess. Their estimate of them is shown by the following translation of an autograph letter, dictated to the Baroness von der Lancken, wife of the private secretary of her majesty, and sent to Dr. Rankin's family at Newburg:

"BERLIN, April 8, 1871."

"I beg leave to express to the family of Dr. Rankin, as well as to all those who took part with them in sending the rich presents for the

barracks at this place, with what pleasure this proof of philanthropic sympathy from the far West has been received, and how thankful we are for it. But, at the same time, I wish to add my personal thanks, which are as warm as they are sincere. (Signed)

"Augusta."

"To the Baroness von der Lancken."

The letter was accompanied by a handsome brooch, bearing her majesty's coat-of-arms, in gold, on the reverse.

#### Monarchy in England.

If royalty is a superfluity, why waste money on it? The ministry will ere long have to answer that question, and they will, we imagine, find it not a little difficult to make their answer intelligible to the people who are putting the question forward. There is no answer conclusive to rough and simple minds. Mr. Winterbotham's, that monarchy is durable, that it saves us from three revolutions in sixty years, is, if the first place, historically untrue, and, in the second, is no answer to the questioners. The oldest government in Europe is an elective despotism, the papacy; the most stable was a close oligarchy, that of Venice; the one least likely to be rebelled against is a republic, Switzerland. Monarchy, by limiting the action of the popular will, causes, not prevents, revolutions, which, again, are not formidable things to the classes now in political motion. Nor is it an effective answer to say that monarchy "keeps up society"—maintains, that is, those grades and differences of status which the upper classes so highly value—for the opponents of the monarchy are the opponents also of this very result, which to them seems bad, and not good. And, finally, we take it, the historic plea, which weighs so heavily with all cultivated men, will be nearly useless here. The people of England, partly owing to the gross neglect of the upper classes, partly owing to a certain defect of imaginative interest in the past, do not know English history, do not understand how unbroken English tradition has been, how complete has been our escape from social wars, and, if they did understand, would probably reply: "History is grand to you; what has it done for us? It may be beyond measure glorious; but still it has for us, the real people, been a failure. Half of us, the peasantry, pass lives of monotonous toil to earn insufficient wages, and die at last in the work-house; and the other half, though better off, have but just been placed in possession of their fair share in the government of the country. Even now they enjoy neither equality nor comfort. The historic system, which has, after eight hundred years, produced so poor a result, may be bad or good; but it certainly is not so good that its result alone should be sufficient to limit political experiment."

#### A Virtuoso.

"Art is the helpmate of Humanity."—POPULAR ERROR.

Be seated, pray. "A grave appeal!"

The sufferers by the war, of course;

Ah, what a sight for us, who feel—

This monstrous *milodrame* of Force!

We, sir, we connoisseurs, should know

On whom its heaviest burden falls;

Collections shattered at a blow!

Museums turned to hospitals!

"And worse," you say; "the wide distress!"

Alas, 'tis true distress exists,

Though let me add, our worthy press

Have no mean skill as colorists.

Speaking of color, next your seat

There hangs a sketch from Vernet's hand;

Some Moscow fancy, incomplete,

Yet not indifferently planned.



Note specially the gray Old Guard,  
Who tears his tattered coat to wrap  
A closer bandage round the scarred  
And frozen comrade in his lap;  
But, as regards the present war—  
Now, don't you think our pride of pence  
Goes—may I say it?—somewhat far  
For objects of benevolence?

You hesitate. For my part, I—  
Though ranking Paris next to Rome,  
Æsthetically—still reply  
That "Charity begins at home."  
The words remind me. Did you catch  
My so-named "Hunt?" The girl's a gem;  
And look how those lean rascals watch  
The pile of scraps she brings to them!

"But your appeal's for home," you say,  
"For home, and English poor!" Indeed!  
I thought Philanthropy to-day  
Was blind to more domestic need—  
However sore—yet though one grants  
That home should have the foremost claims,  
At least these Continental wants  
Assume intelligible names.

While here with us—ah, who could hope  
To verify the varied pleas,  
Or from his private means to cope  
With all our shrill necessities!  
Impossible! One might as well  
Attempt comparison of creeds;  
Or fill that huge Malayan shell  
With these half-dozen Indian beads.

Moreover, add that every one  
So well exalts his pet distress,  
'Tis—Give to all, or give to none,  
If you'd avoid invidiousness.  
Your case, I feel, is sad as A's,  
The same applies to B's and C's;  
By my selection I should raise  
An alphabet of rivalries.

And life is short—I see you look  
At yonder dish, a priceless bit;  
You'll find it drawn in Brongniart's book,  
They say that Raphael painted it—  
And life is short, you understand;  
So, if I only hold you out  
An open though an empty hand,  
Why, you'll forgive me, I've no doubt.

Nay, do not rise. You seem amused;  
And yet one must have principle!  
'Twas on these grounds I just refused  
Some gushing Lady Bountiful—  
Believe me, on these very grounds.  
Good-by, then. Ah, a rarity!  
That cost me quite three hundred pounds—  
The Dürer figure—"Charity."

#### Law of Evolution.

In a recent lecture before the post-graduate class at Harvard University, on the "Law of Evolution," Mr. John Fiske draws the following comparison between the labors of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Herbert Spencer: "Laplace has somewhere reminded us that, while gratefully rendering to Newton the homage due him for his transcendent achievements, we must not forget that he was singularly fortunate in this—that there was but one law of gravitation to be discovered. The implication that, if Newton had not lived, Laplace might himself have been the happy discoverer, is perhaps a legitimate one, though it does not now especially concern us. But the implied assertion that Nature had no more hidden treasures comparable in worth and beauty to that with which she rewarded the patient sagacity of the great astronomer is one which recent events have most signally refuted. We now know that other laws remained behind—as yet others

still remain—unrevealed; laws of Nature equaling the law of gravitation in universality, and, moreover, quite as easy of detection. For, while it may be admitted that the demonstrations in the 'Principia' required the highest power of quantitative reasoning yet manifested by the human mind; and, while the difficulties and discouragements amid which Newton approached his task, destitute as he was alike of modern methods of measurement and of the resources of modern analysis, impress upon us still more forcibly the wonderful character of the achievement; it must still be claimed that the successful coördination of the myriad-fold phenomena formulated by the law of evolution was a gigantic task, requiring the full exertion of mental powers no less extraordinary than those required by the other. In an essay published ten years ago youthful enthusiasm led me to speak of Mr. Spencer's labors as comparable to those of Newton both in scope and in importance. More mature reflection has confirmed this view, and suggests a further comparison between the mental qualities of the two thinkers; resembling each other as they do, alike in the audacity of speculation which propounds far-reaching hypotheses and in the scientific soberness which patiently verifies them; while the astonishing mathematical genius peculiar to the one is paralleled by the equally unique power of psychologic analysis displayed by the other. As in grandeur of conception and thoroughness of elaboration, so also in the vastness of its consequences—in the extent of the revolution which it is destined to effect in men's modes of thinking, and in their views of the universe—Mr. Spencer's discovery is on a par with Newton's."

#### Foreign Items.

ONE of the curious features of court-life under the second empire was the fact that nearly all the prominent ladies at the Tuileries, including the empress herself, were in the habit of consulting certain fortune-tellers on the events of the future. Three of them especially received frequent visits from Eugénie and her ladies of honor: Milles, Lenormand and Leclorque, and an old soothsayer and magician named Dr. Manricardi. The latter died recently in Paris, and among his papers was found a diary containing most singular disclosures about the state of affairs to which we have referred. It is said that this curious diary will be published at an early day.

At the sale of the furniture, etc., found in the private apartments of the dethroned imperial family at the Tuileries, the library of the Empress Eugénie, containing about eleven hundred volumes, many of which bear autograph dedications from distinguished authors to the empress, was purchased by an agent of M. de Villemeussant, the proprietor of the Paris *Figaro*, with a view, it is said, of restoring the library to the ex-empress.

Isaac Brown, an American adventurer, who defrauded certain bankers in Vienna out of large sums of money by means of forged letters of credit, has been sentenced by the Criminal Court of that city to three years' imprisonment. Every other day of his term of confinement Brown will be fed exclusively on bread and water.

Jean Jacques Offenbach writes to a friend in Brussels that he is not at all discouraged by the heavy losses he had sustained in consequence of the Franco-German War. He said

he had been very industrious during the time of his exile from France, and had written several new *opérettes* which, he would lay a wager, would be performed at an early day in Paris.

The domestic troubles of the imperial family of Russia seem to be growing worse and worse. It is now said at St. Petersburg that the emperor and his eldest son are no longer on speaking terms, and that the empress refuses to hold any intercourse with her daughter-in-law, the hereditary grand-duchess.

Bibliomaniacs seem to be on the increase in Europe. Scarcely has the sensation created by the thefts of Dr. Pichler at the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg passed away, when now comes the news that a prominent professor at the University of Leyden has purloined most of the valuable manuscripts from its library.

Three heavy golden vases were lately found at Pompeii, in the middle of a street, only a few feet under the ground. It is believed that they were carried by priests in a procession to propitiate the gods, and that the bearers were killed while moving through the streets.

Hans Christian Andersen recently visited his native city on the island of Tyen. There was great rejoicing among the people in consequence of his appearance among them, and the place was illuminated every night while he remained.

The Hamburgers talk about founding a university in their city, and the newspapers of the place express the firm conviction that the capital required for the purpose could be easily raised in the course of a few weeks by voluntary contributions.

The widow of Levallant, the celebrated French traveller, whose books on his adventures in Africa formed the delight of our grandfathers, died recently at Lafons, in France, at the advanced age of one hundred and two years.

Madame Adelaide Ristori has cancelled her engagement with the managers of the Theatre Royal in Madrid, because the latter did not pay the sums due to the Rigiera troupe, a prominent member of which is a cousin of the distinguished Italian *tragedienne*.

Hacklander, the German author, has lost his eyesight. Ever since a prolonged journey in the Orient he has been in danger of becoming blind. He is a wealthy man, and owns one-half of the Stuttgart Illustrated News (*Ueber Land und Meer*).

The brewers of Munich are quite indignant at the declaration of Baron Justus von Liebig that samples of Cincinnati beer submitted to him for examination are equal to the best article manufactured at the breweries of the Bavarian capital.

They say in Berlin that the Grand-duke Frederick Francis of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who held a prominent command in the war of 1870, has recently shown unmistakable signs of insanity. He is a grandson of Queen Louise of Prussia.

An idea of the value of the works of art and precious books destroyed within Thiers's house in Paris may be formed from the fact that they were insured for four hundred thousand francs.

Homburg, it is said, will this summer be the rendezvous of the Bourbonist and Orleans politicians. The Prince de Joinville, the Count

de Paris, and the Duke de Chambord, are expected there at an early day.

Richard Wagner received from the Emperor William, for the dedication of his "Imperial March," simply a diamond ring, and not a large sum of money, as had been previously reported.

The people of Copenhagen are greatly distressed at the impending closing of the Tivoli, their famous place of amusement, and a national subscription is talked of to enable the proprietor to keep it open.

M. Rudolf Gottschall, one of the most esteemed of German critics and poets, expresses, in a recent article on American poetry, his surprise at the popularity of Bret Harte's productions.

Germany has had many historians, but, according to the opinion of her most eminent literary critics, has not yet a history of Germany worth the name.

Klassengen, the famous German watering-place, will be enlivened this summer by the presence of three emperors, four kings, and a large number of minor princes.

Until the 1st of July, 1870, one hundred and two persons had committed suicide by jumping down from the now destroyed Vendôme column.

An old prayer-book, containing marginal-notes from the hand of Martin Luther, was recently sold for two hundred florins at Stuttgart.

The Empress of Germany dresses generally very unostentatiously. Her dry-goods bills are said to be lower than those of most of the wives of the Berlin merchant-princes.

Short-hand writers in Germany command comparatively large salaries. The stenographers of the German Parliament receive ten dollars daily.

The venerable German philosopher Ludwig Feuerbach lives on his small farm in such reduced circumstances that a national subscription is proposed for him.

The *Leipzig Central Blatt* says that Mr. Bancroft, during his residence in Germany, has collected materials for a history of Europe since the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851.

Miss Hedwig Raabe, the great German actress, it has now been definitely decided, will not come to the United States. She returns to St. Petersburg.

Mlle. Rivière, whose political lectures in France during the last years of the second empire attracted so much attention, has opened a school for political speakers at Bordeaux.

The Emperor of Russia likes best to read German books, and the Emperor of Germany prefers French works.

Dr. Max Ring, the author of the historical novel "John Milton and his Times," is one of the most popular physicians of Berlin.

In Germany, Dresden has the largest number of American residents. Next comes Heidelberg, and then Berlin and Leipzig.

King Francis II. of Naples will take up his abode on a country-seat near Pesth, in Hungary.

M. Thiers alone, of all the members of the Versailles Government, has some knowledge of the German language.

Thalberg was wealthy, and must have left a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars.

George Sand has openly declared her sympathies for the cause of the Red Republicans.

Greece has four translations of Byron and two of Halleck's poems.

## Varieties.

THE Atlanta *Sun* says this is the way a Georgia witness "explained it:" "The plaintiff altered, amended, explained, and expounded, but all to no purpose, as the lawyer either could not or would not understand. 'I want you,' he said, 'to show me how the assault was committed, so that I may have a correct understanding of it.' The plaintiff sprang up instantly, seized the legal gentleman by the coat with both hands, pressed him back across the bar, and shook him violently, to the amusement of all present, and to the aforesaid lawyer's entire enlightenment."

The following calculation is said to show the relation which should exist between height and weight in a healthy person, speaking generally, of course: A man 5 feet 1 inch high should weigh 120 pounds; 5 feet 2 inches, 126 pounds; 5 feet 3 inches, 133 pounds; 5 feet 4 inches, 139 pounds; 5 feet 5 inches, 142 pounds; 5 feet 6 inches, 145 pounds; 5 feet 7 inches, 148 pounds; 5 feet 8 inches, 155 pounds; 5 feet 9 inches, 162 pounds; 5 feet 10 inches, 169 pounds; 5 feet 11 inches, 174 pounds; 6 feet, 178 pounds.

In Wilmington, Delaware, the trustees of the poor have resolved to revolutionize the method of treatment at the almshouse, and have elected homoeopathic physicians in place of those of the allopathic school. The next largest charitable institution in that place has also been placed under homoeopathic management.

Tom Moore said to Peel, on looking at the picture of an Irish orator, "You can see the very quiver of his lip." "Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." Moore was telling this to one of his countrymen, who answered, "He meant *arrá* coming out of it."

The last scientific sounding experiments in the Atlantic show an upper stratum of warm water, seven to eight hundred fathoms deep, moving northward, and the entire deeper stratum below, of almost icy coldness, moving southward from the Arctic basin.

A Southern paper says: "Virginia housewives make the best of pickles." Perhaps on the score of acidity they might do very well, but we should think the size of such pickles would be rather objectionable. Give us cucumbers instead.

Deaf and dumb clerks are on trial in some of the departments in Washington. There is no reason why they shouldn't succeed. Dumb waiters were introduced in all the leading hotels long ago, and have satisfied everybody.

It is related of a certain traveller that, being in a wild country where he could find no provisions for himself or dog, he cut off the dog's tail and boiled it for his own supper, and gave the dog the bone.

A gentleman of experience has discovered one good thing in sea-voyaging. He says: "You can get as tight as you please every day, and every body will think you are sea-sick."

A few iron nails placed in a vase with flowers, will keep the water sweet and the flowers fresh. This arises from the sulphur eliminated from the plants combined with the iron.

An exchange tells of a negro who insisted that his race was mentioned in the Bible. He said he had heard the preacher read about how "Nigger Demus wanted to be born again."

The Irish immigration to America, formerly so extensive, is now rapidly on the decrease. English and French immigration is increasing, while that from Germany is the largest.

The sixpenny edition of Sir Walter Scott's works, published in Edinburgh, has been the most successful of all that have ever been issued.

Mr. Caldwell, the new Senator from Kansas, is worth three million dollars. Out on the frontier, among the Indians, such a property-holder is Caldwell off.

Michelet, the French historian, says that what some nations accomplish by reform and others by emigration the French achieve by periodical blood-letting.

It costs two million dollars to build, and three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars a year to run, a first-class American naval vessel.

The chief engineer of the Boston Fire Department reports that thirty per cent. of the fires in American cities are caused by the deposit of ashes in wooden boxes or barrels.

The *Journal of Chemistry* announces that the human body contains phosphorus enough for four hundred boxes of matches, but not quite sulphur enough for them.

Some one who has recently been studying John Ruskin pronounces his face the homeliest he has ever seen, and Ruskin the heartiest hater of America contained in all England.

The Chicago woman-barber has so many customers that she has taken a younger sister into the business, who attends exclusively to the lathering.

A paper having had an article headed with the conundrum, "Why do wives fade?" a contemporary "supposes it is because they won't wash."

A Sedalia (Missouri) editor says that a girl who is now called "a beautiful blonde" would, a few years ago, have been termed "a tow-head."

What pleased the Japanese best in our financial system was General Spinner's signature. They read it at once as classical Japanese.

It is remarked that Paris, which piques itself on being the brain of the world, has lately suffered much from determination of blood to the head.

A matronly cat in care of her kittens is an instance of severe maternal discipline. She is licking her offspring pretty much all the time.

According to the State geologist of California, the view from the top of Mount Diablo is the finest in the world, not excepting any in the Alps.

The woman who maketh a good pudding in silence, is better than one that maketh a tart reply.

Castelar, the leader of the Spanish republicans, has recently inherited a very large fortune.

A colored man from Charleston, South Carolina, is practising medicine with great success in Egypt.

A party by the name of Jones has written a book to prove that "The United States is the Kingdom of Heaven."

A contemporary says of a very prominent militia general, that "his sword was never drawn but once—and then in a raffle."

Every good business man should have his private Bix-mark.

What's the proper age for a parson? The parsonage, of course.

There are in New York about one hundred members of the Orthodox Greek Church.

Charles Sumner has one of the finest collections of engravings in the country.

When is a lawyer strongest? When he is fee-blest.

Innocence is like an umbrella—when once lost, we may never hope to see it back again.

Every bird pleases us with its lay—especially the hen.



JAPANESE FÊTES.—PRIESTS BLESSING THE AMULETS. See page 707.

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